

M E M O I R S

O F

MISS SIDNEY BIDULPH.

EXTRACTED FROM

HER OWN JOURNAL;

AND NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THE Editor of the following sheets  
takes this opportunity of paying the tri-  
bute due to exemplary Goodness and dis-  
tinguished Genius, when found united in  
One Person, by inscribing these Memoirs to

THE AUTHOR

OF

CLARISSA

AND

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

VOL. I.

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T H E

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION.

I WAS invited to pass a month last summer in Buckinghamshire by a friend, who paid annually a visit to his mother, a lady pretty far advanced in years, but extremely chearful, sensible, and well-bred.

She lived altogether in the country, in a good old-fashioned house, which was part of her jointure; and it was to this hospitable mansion he carried me.

The lady received me very politely, as her son's friend; and I have great reason to be obliged to him for the introduction.

My friend and I generally dedicated our

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evenings

evenings to the entertainment of this obliging lady. She loved reading, and was a woman of an excellent taste; but as her years rendered that employment not so easy to her as it had been, her son and myself usually spared her the task, and read to her such authors as she chose for her entertainment; nor was she so confined to particular studies, as not to allow us to vary our subjects as inclination led us.

It happened one evening, which was on the eve of the day appointed for our departure, that we had made choice of the tragedy of Douglas for our entertainment, when a neighbouring lady (a sensible woman) who had drank tea with us, desired to make one of our auditors.

After the tea-table was removed, we entered on our task; my friend and I reading alternately, to relieve each other, that we might not injure the performance by a wearied or flat delivery.

When we had finish'd the reading of it, they each in her turn bestowed high praises on it; but the visitor lady said, that notwithstanding the pleasure it had afforded her upon the whole, she had one great objection to it. We were all impatient to know what it was. I think, said she, that the moral, which it inculcates is a discouraging lesson, especially to youth; for the blooming

blooming hero of this story, though adorned with the highest virtues of humanity, truth, modesty, gratitude, filial piety, nobleness of mind, and valour in the most eminent degree, is not only buried in obscurity, by a severe destiny, till he arrives at manhood, but when he emerges into light, is suddenly cut off by an untimely death, and that at a juncture too, when we might (morally speaking) say his virtues *ought* to have been rewarded.

We each spoke our thoughts on the subject, as opinion led us, when the old lady drew our attention, which she always did, whenever she delivered her sentiments.

I should think as you do, madam, said she, if there were not too many melancholy precedents to give a sanction to the fable of that tragedy. I do not say but that the poet, who is at liberty to dispose as he pleases of the works of his own creation, may as well reward and punish according to the measures of justice established in the world; it might, perhaps make a better impression, and indeed afford a more prevalent example, to the generality of young people. I say, therefore, I do not take upon me to support an opposite conduct as the best, but surely the poet who prefers that course, may be justified in it from every day's experience. If we always saw



virtuous people successful in their pursuits, and their days crowned with prosperity, there would be more force in your objection; but the direct contrary is a truth, which every body who has lived but a moderate number of years, must have been convinced of from their own observation. Amongst heathens indeed, who looked no farther than *this* life for good and evil, and whose only incitement to virtue was the praise of men, or what *they* called glory, such morals might be dangerous; but surely amongst us Christians they *cannot*, at least *ought* not to have any ill effect.

On the contrary, I think it should serve to confirm that great lesson which we are all taught indeed, but which we seldom think of reducing to practice, viz. to use the good things of this life with that indifference, which things that are neither permanent in their own nature, nor of any estimation in the sight of God, deserve.

On the other hand, to consider the evils which befall us, as equally temporary, and no more dispensed by the great ruler of all things for punishments, than the others are for rewards; and by thus estimating both, to look forward for an equal distribution of justice, to that place only, where (let our station be what it will) our lot is to be unchangeable. It is in this light that I was instructed in my early days to consider the  
various



various portions that fall to the share of mankind; which very often, as far as we can see, appear extremely partial; and no doubt would really be so, were there not an invisible world where the distributions are just and equal. From this reflection I have drawn comfort in many trying incidents of my life; but in none more than the unhappy fate of a lady, who was my particular friend; and who, tho' a woman of most exemplary virtue, was, through the course of her whole life, persecuted by a variety of strange misfortunes. This lady, to use your expression, madam (addressing her friend) to all human appearance, *ought* at last to have been rewarded even here—but her portion was affliction. What then are we to conclude, but that God does not estimate things as we do? It is ignorant, as well as sinful to arraign his providence. We daily see its dispensations with our own eyes, in the various accidents of life. Why should we not then allow the poet to copy from life, and exhibit to our view events, the probability of which are founded on general experience?

We are indeed so much used to what they call poetical justice, that we are disappointed in the catastrophe of a fable, if every body concerned in it be not disposed of according to the sentence of that judge which we have set up in our own breasts.

The contrary we know happens in real life; let us not then condemn what is drawn from real life.—We may wish to see nature copied from her more pleasing works; but a martyr expiring in tortures is as just, though not as agreeable, a representation of her, as a hero rewarded with the brightest honours.

We agreed with the venerable lady in her observations; and her son taking occasion from her mentioning that unfortunate person, who was her friend, told her, he would take it as a particular favour, if she would oblige me with the sight of that lady's story,

She answered, that as we had fixed upon the next day for our departure, there would not be time for me to peruse it, but that she would entrust me with it to town, that I might read it at my leisure. It is drawn up, said she, for the most part, by the lady herself, and the occasion of its being so was this: She and I had been intimate from our childhood; we were playfellows when young, and constant companions as we grew up. We always called each other sister, and loved as well as if we had really stood in that relation to each other. It was our continual practice from children to keep little journals of what daily happened to us; these, in all our short absences, were matter of great entertainment

ment to us ; we constantly communicated them when we met, or if we chanced to be separated by any distance, we made a mutual exchange by the post of our little diurnal registers, having made each a solemn promise, not to conceal an incident, or even a thought of the least moment, from the other ; and this promise I believe was religiously kept up during a correspondence of many years.

I had a brother about three years older than myself ; a very promising young man. He was an only son, and the darling of his parents : when he had finished his studies, my father thought of sending him abroad, but his fondness for him made him resolve to accompany him himself.

A better tutor or a better guide he could not have found for him ; my father was then in the prime of life, he had no other children but him and me. My mother, as fond of me as he was of his son, and perfectly affectionate to my father, expressed her wish, that we two should be of this party. She said, she thought a young lady under proper conduct, might improve as much by seeing foreign courts, and the various customs of different nations, as a young gentleman.

I was then about sixteen ; my father readily

consented, as he perfectly loved my mother ; and we all four set out on our tour together. It was my lot, after I had been some time abroad, to marry an English gentleman, then resident at Vienna ; this occasioned my continuing there some years, and it was during that space of time that I had the occurrences of my friend's life from her own hand. As she had kept up to the method we had agreed on of communicating every thing that happened, even to trivial matters, it generally encreased the bulk of the packets I used to receive from her to a prodigious size : these she sent off occasionally, at nearer or more distant periods of time, accordingly as I gave her the opportunity, by letting her know our motions.

I have from those papers selected the most material parts of her history, and connected them so as to make one continued narrative.

There were long intervals of time between many of the most important incidents of her life ; but as the passages which intervened were either foreign to the main scope of her story, or too trivial to be recorded, in copying her papers they were omitted.

I have, myself, prefixed to her story, a very brief account of the lady's family.

Thus much, Sir, added the good lady, I thought necessary

necessary to premise to you, for your better understanding her history, which I have never yet shewn to any one but my son.

When I took my leave, she put the manuscript into my hands, with a charge to be careful of it.

We returned to town, and in less three weeks I had the mortification to hear that this respectable old lady, by whom I had been entertained with so much friendship and politeness, was dead. Her son (my friend) was on this occasion obliged to go down into Buckinghamshire; it was some months before I saw him again, as he had a good deal of family business to settle.

When he came back to London, I offered to return him the manuscript, which he had quite forgot. He told me, as he had all the original papers, *that* copy was at my service.

I then expressed my wish that it were made public. To this he at first objected, as he said there were several persons living related to the parties concerned in some of the principal events of the story, who might take umbrage at it. I told him, that this might easily be obviated, by changing the names both of persons and places, which I would undertake to do throughout the whole; and I was afterwards so urgent with him to comply with my request, that he at last yielded.

With



With his consent therefore I give it to the world, just as I received it, without any alteration, excepting the proposed one of a change of names.

**MEMOIRS:**



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**M E M O I R S**  
**O F**  
**MISS SIDNEY BIDULPH.**

**M**R S. Catharine Sidney Bidulph was the daughter of Sir Robert Bidulph of Wiltshire. Her father died when she was very young; and of ten children none survived him but this lady, and his eldest son, afterwards Sir George Bidulph. The family estate was not very considerable; and Miss Bidulph's portion was but four thousand pounds; a fortune however at that time not quite contemptible: it was in the beginning of queen Ann's reign.

Lady Bidulph was a woman of plain sense, but exemplary piety; the strictness of

of her notions (highly commendable in themselves) now-and-then gave a tincture of severity to her actions, though she was ever esteemed a truly good woman.

She had educated her daughter, who was one of the greatest beauties of her time, in the strictest principles of virtue; from which she never deviated, through the course of an innocent, though unhappy life.

Sir George Bidulph was nine or ten years older than his sister. He was a man of good understanding, moral as to his general conduct, but void of any of those refined sentiments, which constitute what is called *delicacy*. Pride is sometimes accounted laudable; that which Sir George possessed (for he had pride) was not of this kind.

He was of a weakly constitution, and had been ordered by the physicians to Spa for the recovery of a lingering disorder, which he had laboured under for some time. It was just on his return to England that the busy scene of his sister's life opened. An intimate friend of hers,  
of

of her own sex, to whom she revealed all the secrets of her heart, happened at this juncture to go abroad, and it was for her perusal only the following journal was intended. That friend has carefully preserved it, as she thinks it may serve for an example, to prove that neither prudence, foresight, nor even the best disposition that the human heart is capable of, are of themselves sufficient to defend us against the inevitable ills that sometimes are allotted, even to the best. ‘The race  
‘is not to the swift, nor the battle to the  
‘strong.’

### The JOURNAL.

*April 2, 1703.*

**M**Y dear and ever-beloved Cecilia is now on her way to Harwich. How insipid will this task of recording all the little incidents of the day now appear to me, when you, my sister, friend of my heart, are no longer near me? How many tedious months will it be before I again embrace you? How many days of impatience must I suffer before

before I can even hear from you, or communicate to you the actions, the words, the thoughts of your Sidney? — But let me not grow plaintive, the stile my friend hates. — I should be ungrateful (if I indulged it) to the best of mothers, who, to gratify and amuse me on this first occasion of sorrow which I ever experienced, has been induced to quit her beloved retirement, and come on purpose to London, to rouse up my spirits, and, as she expresses herself, to keep me from the sin of murmuring.

Avaunt then complainings! Let me rest assured that my Cecilia is happy in her pursuits, and let me resolve on making myself so in mine.

*April 3.* We have had a letter from my brother George; he is landed, and we expect him hourly in town. As our house is large enough, I hope he will consent to take up his abode with us while we stay in London. My mother intends to request it of him: she says it will be for the *reputation* of a gay young man to live

live in a *sober* family. I know not how Sir George may relish the proposal, as our hours are not likely to correspond with those, which I suppose he has been used to since he has been absent from us. But perhaps he may not refuse the compliment; Sir George is not averse to economy.—How kind, how indulgent, is this worthy parent of mine! She will not suffer me to stay at home with her, nay scarce allows me time for my journal. ‘Sidney, I won’t have you stay within; I won’t have you write; I won’t have you think—I will make a rake of you; you shall go to the play to-night, and I am almost tempted to go with you myself, though I have not been at one since your father’s death.’—These were her kind expressions to me just now.—I am indeed indebted to her tenderness, when she relaxes so much of her usual strictness, as even to *think* of such a thing.

*April 5.*—My brother returned to us this day, thank God! in perfect health.



health. Never was there such an alteration seen in a man; he is grown fat, and looks quite robust. He dropped in upon us just as we sat down to dinner: what a clutter has his arrival made! My mother was *so* rejoiced, and *so* thankful, and *so* full of praises, and asked *so* many questions, that George could hardly find words enough to answer the over-flowings of her kind inquisitiveness, which lasted all the time of dinner.

When the cloth was removed, my mother proposed his taking up his abode with us: you see, said she, your sister and I have got here into a large house; there is full room enough in it for you and your servants; and as I think in such a town as this, it will be a reputable place for you to live in, I shall be glad of your company; provided you do not encroach upon my rules by unseasonable hours, or receiving visits from such as I may not approve of for the acquaintance of your sister. I was afraid Sir George would disrelish the terms, as perhaps some of his acquaintance (though far from faulty  
ones)



ones) might fall within my mother's predicament: but I was mistaken, he accepted of the invitation, after making some slight apologies about the inconvenience of having so many servants: this however was soon got over.

To say the truth, I am very glad that my brother has consented to be our guest, as I hope by his means our circle of acquaintance will be a good deal enlarged. There is no pleasure in society, without a proper mixture of well-bred sensible people of both sexes, and I have hitherto been chiefly confined to those of my own.

I asked Sir George jocosely, what he had brought me home? He answered, Perhaps a good husband.--My mother caught up the word—What do you mean, son? I mean, madam, that there is come over with me a gentleman, with whom I became acquainted in Germany, and whom of all the men I ever knew, I should wish to have for a brother. If Sidney should fortunately be born under the influence of *uncommonly* good stars, it may happen to be brought about. I can tell you (applying  
himself

himself to me) he is prepossessed in your favour already; I have shewn him some of your letters, and he thinks you a good sensible girl. I told him you were very well in your person, and that you have had an excellent education. I hope so, said my mother, looking pleased; and what have you to tell us of this wonderful man that so much surpasses every body? Why, madam, for *your* part of his character, he is the best *behave*d young man I ever saw. I never knew any body equal to him for sobriety, nor so intirely free from all the other vices of youth: as I lived in the same house with him for some months, I had frequent opportunities of making my observations. I have known him to *avoid* many irregularities, but never saw him guilty of *one*.

An admirable character indeed, said my mother. So thought I too; but I wanted to know a little more of him. Now, Sidney, for your share in the description; I must tell you he is most exquisitely handsome, and extremely sensible.

Good sense to be sure is requisite, said my mother,

mother, but as for beauty it is but a fading flower at best, and in a man not at all necessary—. A man is not the worse for it, however, cried my brother—. No, my mother answered, provided it does not make him vain, and too fond of the admiration of giddy girls.—That I will be sworn is not the case of my friend, answered Sir George; I believe nobody with such a person as his (if there *can* be such another) would be so little vain of it; nay I have heard him declare, that even in a woman he would give the preference to sense and virtue.

Good young man! cried my mother, I should like to be acquainted with him. (So should I, whispered I to my own heart.)

Well, brother, said I, you have drawn a good picture; but to make it complete, you must throw in generosity, valour, sweetness of temper, and a great deal of money.—Fie, my dear (said my good *literal* parent) a *great deal* is not necessary; a very moderate fortune with *such* a man is sufficient.

The

The good qualities you require in the finishing of my piece, answered my brother, he possesses in an eminent degree, —will that satisfy you? As for his fortune,—*there* perhaps a difficulty may step in.—What estate, madam (to my mother) do you think my sister's fortune may intitle her to?

Dear brother, I cried, pray do not speak in that *bargaining* way.

My mother answered him very gravely, Your father you know left her but four thousand pounds; it is in my power to add a *little* to it, if she marries to please me. Great matters we have no right to expect; but a *very* good girl, as my daughter is, I think, deserves something more than a bare equivalent. The equality, said my brother (with a demure look) I fear is out of all proportion here, for the gentleman I speak of has but——six thousand pounds a year:

He burst out a laughing; it was not good-natured, and I was vexed at his joke. My poor mother dropped her countenance;

nance ; I looked silly, as if I had been disappointed, but I said nothing.

Then he is above our reach, Sidney, answered my mother.

I made no reply.—Have a good heart, Sid, cried my brother, if my nonpareil likes you, when he sees you (I felt myself hurt, and grow red) and without a compliment, sister (seeing me look mortified) I think he will, fortune will be no objection. I have already told him the utmost extent of your expectations; he would hardly let me mention the subject; he has a mind for *my* sister, and if he finds personal accomplishments answer a brother's (perhaps partial) description, it will be your own fault if you have not the prettiest fellow in England for your husband.

My mother reassumed her pleased countenance. Where is he? Let us see him. I forced a smile, though I did not feel myself quite satisfied.—We parted on the road, my brother answered; he is gone to Bath for a few weeks; he has sent his servants and his baggage to town before him,



him, and has commissioned me to take a house for him in St. James's Square, or some of the adjacent streets; so that we shall have him in our neighbourhood.

My mother enquired on what account he went to Bath. Sir George said, he complained of a weakness in one of his wrists, which was the consequence of a fever that had seized him on his journey in their return to England. It seems he had finished his travels, on which he had been absent near five years, when my brother and he met in Germany. The liking he took to Sir George protracted his stay, and he resolved not to quit him while his health obliged him to continue abroad; they took a trip to Paris together, and returned home by Holland.

The name of this piece of perfection is Faulkland, Orlando Faulkland. What a pretty name Orlando is; My mother says it is romantic, and wonders how *sober* people can give their children such names. Now am I dying with curiosity to see this man. A few weeks at Bath,—what business

business had he to go to Bath till he had first settled his household at London? His wrist might have grown well without the pump. I am afraid he is gone to Bath only to shew himself, and that he will be snapped up before he comes to town. I wish Sir George had kept the account of him to himself, till he returned to London again.

*April 7.*—We have settled Sir George's œconomy within doors: my mother has been very busy all day in fixing trunks, portmanteaus, and boxes, in their proper places; and in appropriating the rooms for his men, which she has taken care shall be as remote from those of our servants as the house will admit. She says, she knows our own domestics to be orderly and regular, but she cannot answer for what other people's may be.

I begin to recover my spirits: my brother's arrival has given new life to the family; my mother thinks, that in *his* company, with a lady or two, there will be no impropriety in suffering me to go,

at least, half a dozen times into public during the season, even without the sanction of her presence. — How kind, how considerate is this dear mother! I find this was one (amongst others) of her principal reasons for wishing Sir George to be with us, as it will save her from the necessity of going to public diversions, which otherwise she would have done, rather than have me debarred the pleasure of partaking of them, through the want of a proper protector. Every day lays me under fresh obligations to her.

*April 20.* — My brother has had another letter from Mr. Faulkland. He has been but a fortnight at Bath, and already has found benefit from the use of the pump; I wish his wrist was quite well; I never was so impatient to see any body. — But, Sidney, have a care — this heart has never yet been touch'd: the man is represented as a dangerous object. What an ill-fated girl should I be, I should fall in love with him, and should happen not to like me? Should

happen, what a vain expression was that? I would not for the world any one should see it but my Cecilia.—Well, if he should not like me, what then? why, I will not like him. I have a heart not very susceptible of what we young women call love; and in all likelihood I shall be as indifferent towards him, as he may be towards me.—Indeed, I think I ought to resolve on not liking him; for notwithstanding those fine out-lines of a character, which my brother gave of him in the presence of my mother, I have since drawn out of Sir George, who is always talking of him, some farther particulars, which do not please me so well; for I think he is made up of contrarities.

Nature, says Sir George, never formed a temper so gentle, so humane, so benevolent as his; yet, when provoked, no tempest is more furious. You would imagine him so humble, that he thinks every one superior to himself; yet through this disguise have I discovered, at certain times, a pride which makes him look down on all mankind. With a disposition formed



to relish, and a heart attached to the domestic pleasures of life, he is of so enterprising a temper, that dangers and difficulties rather encourage than dishearten him in the pursuit of a favourite point. His ideas of love, honour, generosity, and gratitude, are so refined, that no hero in romance ever went beyond him; of this I was convinced from many little incidents which occurred in the course of my acquaintance with him. The modesty and affability of his deportment makes every body fancy, when he is in company with them, that he is delighted with their conversation; nay, he often affects to be improved and informed; yet there is a fly turn to ridicule in him, which, though without the least tincture of ill-nature, makes him see and represent things in a light, the very opposite of that in which you fancied he saw them. With the nicest discernment, where he permits his judgment alone to determine, let passion interfere, and a child can impose on him. Though, as I have already told you, he is very handsome, he affects to despise beauty



in his own sex; yet it is easy to perceive, by the nice care he takes in his dress (though the farthest in the world from a fop) that he does not altogether disregard it in his own person.

Are not these faults? Yes, surely they are; yet Sir George protests he has none; or at least says, if these be such, they are so over-balanced by his good qualities, that unless it be *you*, sister (flattering creature! though that is seldom his failing) I don't know the woman that deserves him. I did not thank him for the compliment he paid me, at the expence of the rest of our poor sex.

*May 5.*—A month is past since my brother arrived, and Mr. Faulkland does not yet talk of coming to town.—If Sir George had drawn half such a flattering picture of me to him, as he has done of him to me, his curiosity would have brought him here sooner.—My mother has mentioned him several times, and asked when he is to be in town. My brother has taken a very handsome house for him in the Square.

We are all in expectation of this blazing star's making its appearance in London. If he stays much longer, my patience will be so tired, that I shall not give a pinch of snuff to see him.

*May 19.*—Six weeks, and no news of Mr. Faulkland's coming! I'll positively give him but another week; I begin to think myself affronted by his stay.

*May 23.*—Now, now, my Cecilia, I can gratify your curiosity at full: he is come at last; Mr. Faulkland, I mean; Orlando is come! we had a message from him this morning, to enquire after all our healths; he was just arrived at his house in the Square: Sir George flew to him directly, and said he would bring him without ceremony to take a family dinner. My mother bid him do so; and she held a quarter of an hour's conference with her cook. She is always elegant and exact at her table; but we were more than ordinarily so to-day. My brother brought  
Mr.

Mr. Faulkland a little before dinner-time, and presented him to my mother and me, with that kind of freedom that almost look'd as if he were already one of the family.

We had both been prepossessed highly in favour of his figure, a circumstance that seldom is of advantage to persons on their first appearance: but here it had not that effect; Sir George did not overrate the personal accomplishments of his friend. Now you'll expect I should describe him to you, perhaps, and paint this romantic hero in the glowing colours of romantic exaggeration. But I'll disappoint you,—and tell you, that he is neither like an Adonis nor an Apollo,—that he has no hyacinthine curls flowing down his back; no eyes like suns, whose brightness and majesty strike the beholders dumb; nor, in short, no rays of divinity about him; yet he is the handsomest mortal man that I ever saw.—I will not say that his voice is harmony itself, and that all the loves and graces (for why should not there be male as well as fe-

male graces ?) attend on his motions; that Minerva presides over his lips, and every feature has its attendant Cupid.—But I will acknowledge that his voice in speaking is inexpressibly pleasing (you know how I admire an agreeable voice); that his air and motions are easy, genteel, and graceful; his conversation sensible and polite, and without the least tincture of affectation, that thing, which of all others, would to *me* destroy the charms of an angel.—In short, without hyperbole, that he is, what every one must allow, a perfectly handsome and accomplished young man.

I never saw my mother appear so pleased with any one. The polite freedom of his address, the attention and deference he seemed to pay to her sentiments (and the dear good woman talked more to him, I think, than ever I heard her do to any one on so short an acquaintance) delighted her beyond expression. I bore no great part in the conversation, but was not, however, quite overlooked by Mr. Faulkland. He referred to  
me

me in discourse now-and-then, and seemed pleased with me; at least I fancied so. My brother endeavoured to draw me out, as he said afterwards. The intention was kind, but poor Sir George is not delicate enough in those matters; I should have done better if he had let me alone. I thought of the conversations we had so often had about Mr. Faulkland, and could not help considering myself like a piece of goods that was to be shewn to the best advantage to a purchaser. This reflection threw a sort of constraint over my behaviour, that (fool as I was) I had not courage enough to shake off, and I did not acquit myself at all to my own mind. I had, notwithstanding, the good fortune to please my mother infinitely. She told me, after our visitor was gone, that my behaviour had been *strictly* proper; and blamed Sir George for his wanting to engage me too often in conversation. You may assure yourself, son, she said, that a man of Mr. Faulkland's understanding will not like a young lady the worse for her silence. She spoke enough



to shew that it was not for want of knowing what to say that she held her tongue. The man who does not reckon a modest reserve amongst the chief recommendations of a woman, should be no husband for Sidney. I am sure, when I married Sir Robert, he had never heard me speak twenty sentences. Sir George agreed with her as to the propriety of her observation, in regard to a modest reserve; but said, people now-a-days did not carry their ideas of it quite so far as they did when his father's courtship began with her; and added, that a young lady might *speak* with as much modesty as she could hold her tongue.

I did not interfere in the debate, only said, I was very glad to have my mother's approbation of my conduct. This put an end to the argument, and my mother launched out into high encomiums on Mr. Faulkland. She said, upon her *truth*, he was the finest young man she ever saw, in every respect. So modest, so well bred, so very entertaining, and so unassuming, with all his fine ac-  
com-

complishments: She was quite astonished, and owned she almost despaired of finding a young gentleman, of the present mode of education, so *very* unexceptionable in his behaviour. If his morals answered to his outward deportment,—there she stopped; or rather Sir George interrupted her. I hope you'll believe, madam, that my knowledge of mankind is not so circumscribed, but that I can distinguish between a real and an assumed character; and I will venture to assert, that, in the whole circle of my acquaintance, I do not know *one* so unobjectionable, even in your strict sense of the word *morals*, as Mr. Faulkland.

Well, said my mother, I have the pleasure to observe to you (and I think I am seldom mistaken in my judgment) that Mr. Faulkland is at least as well pleased with Sidney as we are with him.—What say you, daughter? Ay, what say you, sister? cry'd Sir George,—I think, madam, that Mr. Faulkland is an accomplished gentleman, and — and that you could be content to look no farther,

‘ther, if matters are brought to bear; ‘eh, Sidney?’ (I need not tell you whose speech this was.)—Brother, that is going a little too far, for the first time of my seeing him. A great *deal* too far, my mother said; let us first know Mr. Faulkland’s mind from himself, before we say a word more of the matter.

Sir George told us, that Mr. Faulkland, at going away, had requested he would sup with him at his own house, as he said he had a few visits of form to pay, and should be at home early in the evening.

May 24.—My mother and I were in bed before my brother came in last night, though he keeps very good hours in general. When we met this morning at breakfast, I saw by Sir George’s face that he was brimful of something.—Faulkland don’t like you, Sidney, said he, abruptly;—How can you or I help that, brother? cry’d I, colouring; tho’, to tell you the truth, I did not believe him; for I knew, if it *had* been so, he would not have come out with it so bluntly. But my mother,  
who

who always takes every word she hears literally, took him up very short; 'If he does not, Sir, it is not polite in you to tell your sister so; I hope Sidney may be *liked* by as good a man as Mr. Faulkland,' and up she tossed her dear honest head. Sir George burst out a laughing. My mother looked angry; she was afraid her sagacity would be call'd in question, after what she had pronounced the evening before. I looked silly, but pretended to smile. Sir George was clown enough to laugh on; at last (to my mother) 'But, my dear madam, can you believe me serious in what I said? have you so good an opinion of my veracity, or so ill a one of my breeding, as to suppose I would shock my sister by such a rude declaration, if I meant any thing by it but a joke?' Indeed, Sidney (looking half smiling at me) I would not be as much in love with our sovereign lady the queen, as poor Faulkland is with you, for my whole estate.

This put me a great deal more out of countenance than what he had said at first.



first. Nay, brother, now you are too extravagant the other way.—My mother looked surprized, but recovered her good humour presently.—Dear George, there is no knowing when you are in earnest and when not: but, as Sidney says, now you are rather too extravagant. You might say so to Faulkland, answered my brother, if you were to hear him; I could get nothing from him the whole night but your praises. I thought, said my pleased mother, he had not *disliked* the girl.—Now you see, son, her *silence* did her no harm; and she smiled tenderly at me. Come, said Sir George, things are mighty well on all sides. Faulkland has begged of me, that I would use my interest with you, mother (whom he thinks one of the best of women) that he may be permitted in form to make his addresses to Miss Bidulph. My interest he knows he has, and I hope, madam, he will also have your approbation;—He desired me to explain minutely to you every circumstance of his fortune: what his estate is I have told you; and his family is of known distinction.



tion. He begged I would not *mention* Sidney's fortune; and said, that if, upon a farther acquaintance, he should have the happiness to be acceptable to my sister, he should insist upon leaving the appointment of her settlement to lady Bidulph and myself. I told him I would lay this proposal before you, and could for his present comfort inform him, that, as I believed my sister had no prepossessions in favour of any one else, I was sure, if he met with your concurrence, her's would follow of course.

A very discrete answer, said my mother; just such a one as I would have dictated to you, if I had been at your elbow. I believe we may venture to suppose, that Sidney *has* no prepossessions; and as this is as handsome an offer as can possibly be made, I have no objections (if you have none, my dear) to admit Mr. Faulkland upon the terms he proposes.

What answer ought I to have made, Cecilia? Why, to be sure, just the one I *did* make.—I have *no* prepossessions, madam,

dam, looking down and blushing, till it actually painted me, for I was really startled. My Cecilia knows I am not a prude.

My dear! cry'd my mother, and took me by the hand——

Poor Sidney, said Sir George, how you are to be pitied! Mr. Faulkland purposes waiting on you in the afternoon, if he is not *forbid*; and he looked so teasingly sly, that my mother bid him leave off his *pranks*.

The day is over,—Mr. Faulkland spent the evening with us; no other company but our own family. My mother likes him better even than before—Thy mother—disingenuous girl! why dost thou not speak thy own sentiments? (There is an apostrophe for thy use, my Cecilia.) Well then, *my* sentiments you shall have; you have an undoubted right to know them on all subjects, but particularly on this interesting one.

I *do* think Mr. Faulkland the most amiable of men; and if my heart were (happily for me it is not) *very* susceptible  
of

of tender impressions, I really believe I should in time be absolutely in love with him. This confession will not satisfy you: may be it is not enough—yet, in truth, Cecilia, it is all that at present I can afford you.

The thoughts of the awkward figure I should make in the evening visit, sat heavy on my spirits all day.—Can you conceive any thing more distressing than the situation of a poor girl, receiving the visit of a man, who, for the first time, comes professedly as her admirer? I had conceived a frightful idea of such an interview, having formed my notions of it only from romances, where set speeches of an ell long are made by the lover, and answers of a proportionable size are returned in form by the lady. But Mr. Faulkland soon delivered me from my anxiety. His easy, but incomparably polite and sensible freedom of address, quickly made me lose my ridiculous fears.—He made no other use of this visit, than to recommend himself more strongly to our esteem, by such means

as

as proved how well he deserved it. If he was particular to me, either in his looks or manner, it was under the regulation of such a nice decorum, that I (who supposed I must have sunk with downright confusion) was hardly disconcerted during the whole visit.

June 10.—I do really think my good mother grows so fond of Mr. Faulkland, that if he goes on at this rate, he will get the start even of Sir George in her affections.—‘Mr. Faulkland said so and so;’ ‘Mr. Faulkland is of opinion;’ and I am ‘sure you will allow Mr. Faulkland to be a good judge of such and such things.’

To say the truth, the man improves upon you every hour you know him. And yet I have discovered in him some of those little (and they are *but* little) alloys to his many good qualities, which Sir George at first told me of. The interest I may one day have in him makes me a closer observer than I should otherwise be. There is that sly turn to ridicule which my brother mentioned; yet, to do him



him justice, he never employs it, but where it is deserved; and then too with so much vivacity and good humour, that one cannot be angry with him.

We had a good deal of company at dinner with us to-day, amongst the rest, young Sayers, who is just returned from his travels, as he calls it. You remember he went away a good humoured, inoffensive, quiet fool; he has brought no one ingredient of that character back with him, but the last; for such a stiff, conceited, overbearing, talkative, impertinent coxcomb does not now exist. His mother, who, poor woman, you know originally made a simpleton of the boy, contributes now all in her power to finish the fop; and she carries him about with her everywhere for a shew. We were assembled in the drawing-room before dinner: in *burst* (for it was not a common entry) Master Sayers, and his mama, the cub handing in the old lady.—So stiff, and so awkward, and so ungraceful, and so very unlike Mr. Faulkland, that I pitied the poor thing, who thought that every body would



would admire him as much as his mother did. After he had been presented to the ladies (for it was the first time we had seen him since he came home) he took a turn or two about the room, to exhibit his person: then, applying himself to a picture which hung over the door (a fine landscape of Claude Lorrain, which Mr. Faulkland himself had brought over and given to Sir George) he asked my brother, in a tone scarce articulate, whether we had any *painters* in England? My mother, who by chance heard him, and by greater chance understood him, answered, before Sir George had time, *Painters*, Sir! yes, sure, and some very good ones too: why, you cannot have forgot *that*; it is not much above a year since you went abroad (for you must know he had been recalled upon the death of an uncle, who had left him his estate). I observed Mr. Faulkland constrained a very sly laugh, on account both of the *manner* of my mother's taking his question, and her innocently-undesigned reprimand. Sayers pretended not to hear her, but looking through his fingers,

fingers, as if to throw the picture into perspective, that is a pretty good piece, said he, for a copy. Oh! cry'd his mother, there is no pleasing *you*—people who have been *abroad* are such connoisseurs in painting.—No body making any immediate answer, Mr. Faulkland stepped up to Mr. Sayers, and with such a roguish humility in his countenance, that you would have sworn he was a very ignoramus, said, “Are you of opinion, Sir, that that picture is nothing but a copy?” Nothing more, take my word for it, Sir: When *I* was at Rome, there was a Dutchman there, who made it his business to take copies of pictures, which he dispersed, and had people to sell for him in different parts, at pretty good prices; and they did mighty well; for very few people *know* a picture; and I’ll answer for it there are not many masters of eminence, but what have a hundred originals palmed upon them more than ever they painted in their lives.

Mr. Faulkland then proceeded to ask him abundance of questions, which any one, who did not know him well, would have

have thought he proposed for no other end but a desire of information: and the poor coxcomb Sayers plumed himself upon displaying so much travelled knowledge, to a wondering ignorant Englishman, who had never been out of his own country. The company were divided into little chatting parties, as is usual when people are whiling away an half hour before dinner. Mrs. Sayers, my mother, and I, were sitting together on a couch, near enough to hear the conversation that passed between the two gentlemen; at least as much as was not sunk in the affected, half-pronounced sentences of Mr. Sayers. His mother, to whom he was the principal object of attention in the company, seemed mightily pleased at the opportunity her son had, from the inquisitiveness of Mr. Faulkland (whom she did not know) of shewing his taste in the polite arts, and often looked about to observe if any body else attended to them. My mother, dear literal woman! (as I often call her to you) took every thing seriously, and whispered to me, how pretty that  
is,

is, Sidney! how condescending in Mr. Faulkland! you see he does not make a parade of his ~~own~~ knowledge in these matters, but is pleased to reap the benefit of other people's. I, who saw the latent roguery, could hardly contain myself. Indeed I was amazed at Mr. Faulkland's grave inquisitive face, and was very glad my mother did not find him out.

Sayers, elated with having shone so conspicuously (for he observed that both my mother and I attended to his discourse) proceeded to shew away with an immensity of vanity and frothy chat, beginning every new piece of history with, "When I was at Rome, or, when I was at Paris"—At last, unluckily for him, speaking of an incident (which made a good deal of noise, and happened at the first-mentioned place) in which two English gentlemen had been concerned, he said it was about eleven months ago, just before he left Rome. My mother, who had heard Mr. Faulkland relate the same story, but with some very different circumstances, immediately said, Mr. Faulkland,



land, have I not heard you speak of that? You were at Rome yourself when the affair happened; and if I be not mistaken, it was through your interest with the cardinal of — that the business was made up.

If a spectre had appeared to poor Sayers, he could not have looked more aghast. He dropped his visage half-way down his breast, and, for the *first* time, speaking very *plain*, and very loud too, with a stare of astonishment, Have *you* been at Rome, Sir? I was there for a little time, Sir, answered Mr. Faulkland, with real modesty; for he pitied the mortified buzzard; and I know the story was *represented* as you have told it; the circumstances differed in a few particulars, but the facts were nearly as you have related them.

How obligingly did he reconcile the out-of-countenance Sayers to himself and to the company? Were you long abroad, pray Sir? said the coxcomb: About five years, Sir, answered Mr. Faulkland; but I perceive, by the conversation I have had the honour of holding with you to-day, that many accurate  
and



and curious observations escaped me, which you made in a much shorter space of time; for the communication of which I think myself extremely obliged to you. Whether the poor soul thought him serious (as my mother did) I cannot tell; he made him a bow, however, for the compliment; but was so lowered, that he did not say a word more of Rome or Paris for the rest of the day: and in this we had a double advantage; for as he had nothing else to talk of, his mouth was effectually stopped, except when Mr. Faulkland, out of compassion, asked him (as he often did) such questions as he thought he could answer, without exposing his ignorance: for he was contented to have enjoyed it in their tête à tête, and was far from wishing the company to be witnesses of it.

I think such a bagatelle may give you some idea of this man's turn. I told it to Sir George; he laughed heartily, and said it was *so* like him! My brother loves even his faults, though he will not allow me to call them by that name.

July 4.—You are unkind, Cecilia, and do not do justice to my sincerity, when you say, *you are sure I am in love with Mr. Faulkland*. If I were, can you conceive it possible that I would deny it to you? Ah! my sister, must I suspect *you* of wanting candour by your making a charge of dissingenuity against your friend? Indeed, Cecilia, if I *am* in love with him, I do not *yet* know it myself. I will repeat it to you, I think him the most amiable of men, and should certainly give him the preference, if I were left to a free choice, over all the rest of his sex; at least all that I have ever yet seen; though possibly there *may* be handsomer, wiser, better men, but they have not fallen within my observation. I am not however so prepossessed in his favour, as to suppose him a phoenix; and if any unforeseen event were to prevent my being his, I am sure I should bear it, and behave very handsomely.

And yet perhaps this may be only bragging like a coward, because I think a very short time will put it out of the power

of fortune to divide us. Yet certain as the event of our marriage appears to me at present, I still endeavour to keep a sort of guard over my wishes, and will not give my heart leave to center *all* its happiness in him; and therefore I cannot rank myself amongst the first-rate lovers, who have neither eyes, nor ears, nor sensations, but for one object. This, Mr. Faulkland says, is his case, in regard to me. But I think we women should not love at such a rate, till duty makes the passion a virtue; and till *that* becomes my case, I am so much a philosopher in love, that I am determined not to let it absorb any of the other cordial affections, which I owe to my relations and my friends.

I think we ought always to form some laws to ourselves for the regulation of our conduct: without this, what an impertinent dream must the life be of almost every young person of our sex? You, my dear, though with an uncommon understanding of your own, have always been entirely conducted by your wise parents;

and in this I make it my boast to have followed your example. I have been accustomed from my infancy to pay an implicit obedience to the best of mothers; the conforming to this never yet cost me an uneasy minute, and I am sure never will.

*July 5.*—A little incident happened to-day which pleased my mother wonderfully. She had been at morning prayers (as you know is her daily custom;) when returning home in her chair, one of the men happened to slip his foot, and fell down just before Mr. Faulkland's house. He was so much hurt, that he could go no farther; and the footmen immediately opening the chair, told her she had better step into Mr. Faulkland's, till he called another, or got a man to assist in carrying her home. One of Mr. Faulkland's servants happened to be standing at the door; so that, without any previous notice, she was immediately conducted into a parlour, where Mr. Faulkland was sitting at breakfast. She found with him two  
pretty



pretty little children at his knee, to one of whom he had given some cake; and the elder of the two, a boy of about five years old, he was gravely lecturing, though with great gentleness, for having told a lie. My mother asked him, with some surprize, whose children those were? He smiled, and told her they were his coachman's; and then ordered the footman to carry them down, bidding the little boy be sure to remember what he had said to him.

My mother inquired, if he permitted them to be in the house? He said, he did; and that he had been induced to it from the distress he had seen their poor father in a few days before. He is an honest careful fellow, continued Mr. Faulkland, and has lived in my family from a boy. He was married to a good sort of a body, who took great care of these children, and helped to maintain them decently by her work. The poor woman died in childbed last week; and the person who attended her in her illness (for she had no servant) took that opportunity of robbing the lodgings;



and after plundering the poor creature of every thing that was worth carrying away, locked up those two children, which you saw with me, and the new-born infant, with the corpse of their mother.

The poor little wretches continued in that dismal situation all night, having cried themselves to sleep, without being heard, though there were some other people in the house. The morning following I happened to make an early visit in the neighbourhood of this distressed little family, and my coachman, who was a very affectionate husband and father, took that opportunity of calling on his wife, whom he had not been able to see for three days. The cries of his children (now awake and almost starved) obliged him hastily to break open the door of the room, where the poor fellow was shocked with the dismal spectacle of his wife's motionless corpse in bed, the infant almost expiring at her side, and the other two poor little famished creatures calling to their dead mother for bread.

The sight almost deprived the man of his senses. He snatched up his two eldest children

children in his arms, and ran raving to the house where I was, tearing his hair like a madman. He told me his mournful story, with which I was so affected, that I ordered one of my footmen to carry the two children home to my house directly, and desired their father to look out for some body to take care of the young one, which he soon did.

The honest poor fellow was delighted, when he came home to find his two children well and merry; for they were sensible of no want but their food. But his grief returned on him with great violence, at the thoughts of his being obliged to put them into the hands of people, who, he said, he was sure would not be so kind to them as their own poor mother had been; and my man told me he did nothing but kiss them, and cry over them the whole day. To make his mind easy at once, I let him know they should remain here under his own eye, till they were old enough to be put to school; and accordingly directed my housekeeper to see that they

were taken care of; which has made their father very happy.

The little rogues have found their way up to me, and I love sometimes to hear them prattle; but this morning the eldest having told me a lie of his brother, I was checking him for it when you came in.

My mother was so pleased with Mr. Faulkland's conduct in this little history, that she repeated it to me word for word as soon as she came home, and concluded with observing how *good a creature* Mr. Faulkland must be, who in so tender a manner interested himself in his poor servant's misfortune. Most young gentlemen, said she, would have thought they had done enough in giving the servant money to have provided for his children as well as he could: it is in such trifles as these that we often discover the excellence of the heart.

You will suppose, my dear, that I am not displeased at any circumstance that can raise Mr. Faulkland's character in my pious mother's esteem. I heard the story  
with

with great pleasure; but not making any comments on it, Sir George (who was present at the relation) said, Well, Sidney, you are either very affected, or the greatest stoic in the world; why, any other girl would be in raptures at such a proof of the honest tenderness of that heart which she knows she possesses intirely, and on which the whole of her future happiness depends. I am very sensible of Mr. Faulkland's worth, brother, I replied, and I can feel without being transported. I will be hanged, said Sir George, if I think you love Faulkland, at least not half so well as he deserves; and I dare swear you have not been honest enough to tell him yet whether you do or not. It is time enough for that, I replied; if Mr. Faulkland and I should be married, I hope I shall give him no cause to complain of my want of affection.

*If you should be married!* said my brother; I know of no possible *ifs*, unless they are of your own making. I know of none neither, answered my mother; yet I think Sidney is in the right to be doubtful about



all human events. Many things, added she gravely (for she has a great veneration for old sayings) fall out between the cup and the lip.

I think, mother, said Sir George, bluntly, *you* were disappointed in your *first* love; I have heard you speak of it, but I forget the circumstances. As I had never heard my mother make any mention of this particular, I begged she would oblige me with relating it.

When I was about one and twenty, daughter, said she, a match was concluded by my father between me and a very fine gentleman. I loved him, and (as I suppose all young women do in the like circumstances) believed myself equally beloved by him. The courtship had been of a year's standing; for you must know I was not very easily won. Every thing was settled, and the day appointed for our marriage arrived; when, instead of the bridegroom, whom we every minute expected, there came a letter from him directed to me. The contents were, that having formerly been engaged to a young lady



lady by the most solemn vows, he had, unfortunately for them both, forgot them all on seeing me, and had broke through every obligation divine and human to obtain me. He intreated mine, and my family's pardon, in the most pathetic manner, for having engaged our esteem so far as to consent to an union, of which he found himself unworthy, and which it was impossible for him to accomplish; for, said he, the wrongs I have done the woman, whose youth I seduced, rise to my imagination with so much horror, that, for the empire of the world, I would not complete my guilt, by devoting that hand to another, to which she only has a right. He enlarged greatly on the sufferings of his heart, in the struggle between his love for me, and his duty to the person who had his first vows; and whom, he declared, his infidelity had almost brought to the grave. He claimed my pity, both on his own and her account: and repeatedly intreated my forgiveness of his fault.

The

The whole letter, which was very long, was so expressive of a mind overwhelmed with despair, that I was exceedingly shocked at the reading of it. What could I say? The plea he offered for his seemingly strange conduct, was too just to admit of any objections. I own the disappointment afflicted me, but I bore it with a becoming resolution. My family were at first exceedingly exasperated against my doubly unfaithful lover; but, upon inquiring into the facts, they found the truth to be as he had represented it. The conclusion was, that, upon the very day on which he was to have been married to me, and on which he had writ me that gloomy letter, he was seized with a melancholy, which encreasing on him daily, soon after ended in absolute madness, and he was confined for the remainder of his life. The young lady lived but a short time after the melancholy fate of her lover, and died, as it was said, of a broken heart.

It was a great comfort to me to reflect, that my fate disposed otherwise of me  
than

than to this unhappy gentleman; for I am very sure, had these fatal events happened in consequence of my marriage with him, that I should never have survived it.

This extraordinary anecdote of my mother's life, which I had never had a hint of before (for she could not speak of it without great emotion) very much affected me. Sir George said, the story was more tragical than he had apprehended, and told my mother, *that* was an accident which fell out between the cup and the lip with a vengeance.

My mother continued thoughtful for a good while; and I was sorry that the memory of this melancholy story had been revived; but Sir George talked and laughed us both into spirits again.

July 6.—This Mr. Faulkland is a princely man; he has sent me *such* a set of jewels! My mother says they are too fine for a private gentlewoman; but George tells her they are not a bit too fine for Mr. Faulkland's *wife*, and only suitable  
to

to his fortune. You know I have but few of my own, these only which were my mother's when she was a maiden. The greatest part of her's, and by much the finest, were presented to her by my father; but those she reserves for Sir George, against the time of his marriage, as a present for his lady; for they are family jewels.

July 8.—My probation is over, my Cecilia.—The formidable question has been put to me, and I have answered it—Ay marry, say you, but how? In the *negative*, to be sure, my dear—No, no, my Cecilia; a valuable (ps! what an affected cold word that is) a lovely and most worthy man, with six thousand pounds a year, is a prize that a country girl must not expect to draw every day. Mr. Faulkland, in *lover-like* phrase, demanded from me the time of his destined happiness: I referred him to my mother. She, good and delicate as she is, referred him to Sir George. George blurted out some sudden day that startled us both, when  
Mr.



Mr. Faulkland reported it to us. I stammered out something; my mother hesitated; Sir George came in, and blundered at us all; so I think we compounded for the time, and amongst us fixed upon this day month—And full soon enough, says my Cecilia: you have known the man but about six weeks, and surely a month is as little time as you can take in preparing fineries. True, my girl, true; but it is all George's doings. Indeed, my Cecilia, without affectation, I had much rather have had a longer day; though I think I *know* the man as well in those six weeks, as if I had been acquainted with him so many years; for he has spent most of his hours with us every day during that time; and my mother says, he is one of those in *whom there is no guile*.

Sir George is downright insolent; he declares I am not sensible of my own happiness, and that I deserve to be married to some little petty Wiltshire 'squire. He so piques himself upon making this match, there is no bearing him. He has taken all matters of settlement upon himself, and



and insists on my mother's not interposing. She acquiesces, but charges my brother not to let Mr. Faulkland's generosity carry him too far, and bids him remember what is due to his friend, as well as to his sister.

July 10.—I really begin to be hurried. My mother, you know, is exactly punctilious in every thing. Such a quantity of things *are* bought, and such a quantity to *be* bought, that there is no end of journeys into the city. Then milleners and mantur-makers! One would think I was going to pass the remainder of my life in a remote country, where there were no kind of manufactures or artificers to be come at; and that I was to provide cloathing for half a century.

July 12.—I have much upon my hands, and Sir George is so impatient and troublesome, that I believe I must employ a secretary, to give you a minute detail of all our foppery; for I shall not have patience to do it myself.

July

*July 13.*—Sir George has often told me, that he knows of no fault Mr. Faulkland has, but a violence of temper when provoked. I saw an instance of it to-day, which I was sorry for, and the more so, as I was in some measure accessory to it. Mr. Faulkland, my brother, a lady of our acquaintance, and myself took a ride in Hyde-Park this morning. We were to dine at Kensington (where my mother was to meet us) at the house of the lady (a relation of Mr. Faulkland's) who was with us.

We rode into the stable-yard of her house, in order to alight. My horse, which happened to be a young one that Sir George had newly bought, saw some object that made him shy of advancing, and he turned suddenly about. A footman of Mr. Faulkland's, who chanced to stand just behind me, very imprudently, though I am sure without design of harm, gave him a stroke with his whip, which made the animal plunge and throw me, as I had not time to recover my seat from the first short turn he made.

I luckily

I luckily received not the least hurt, and was on my feet in an instant. But Mr. Faulkland, who had leaped off his horse even before I fell, was so enraged at the fellow, that he gave him two or three found lashes with his whip across the shoulders, which fell on him as quick as lightning. I am inclined to think the servant was not sober; for he had the insolence to lay hold of his master's whip, and muttered an oath or two. Mr. Faulkland's attention being quickly turned to me, he took no farther notice of the man. We went into the house; and after I had assured them all I was not in the least hurt, I begged of Mr. Faulkland to forgive the footman, who had undesignedly caused the accident. He made a thousand apologies for having let his anger so far transport him, as to chastise his servant in a manner he was not used to do; but the peril he put you into, madam, addressing himself to me, made me forget myself. I repeated, I hope, Sir, you have forgiven him. I wish, my dear Miss Bidulph, said he, that the fellow were  
guilty

guilty of no other fault but this, that I might shew you my readiness to obey you; but he is such an intolerable sot, that there is no keeping him with safety. I have forgiven him several idle things; but as I had determined to part with him before this happened, I hope you will be so good as not to insist on my retaining him. I could not intercede for the foolish fellow after this; so said no more.

This little incident convinces me that Mr. Faulkland is of too warm a temper; yet I am not alarmed at the discovery; you know I am the very reverse; and I hope in time, by gentle methods, in some measure to subdue it in Mr. Faulkland. His own good sense and good nature must incline him to wish it corrected. My brother says, he has often lamented this vice of his nature to him, and said he had taken infinite pains to get the better of it; and had so far succeeded, that he seldom was surprized by it, but on very sudden and extraordinary occasions; such as, I suppose, he looked upon this to be, which I have related.

We



We passed the day delightfully at Kensington, and did not return to town till late. I think I have got cold, as we walked a long time in the garden.

July 14.—I have got an ugly fore throat: my mother insists on my being let blood; I am afraid of alarming her by complaining, though I had very little rest all night. Mr. Faulkland came early this morning to enquire after my health: my mother told him I was not well. How tenderly dejected were his looks, when I came into the room. Sir George made him stay to breakfast; he scarce tasted any thing; he was quite cast down, My brother rallied him (I thought it unreasonable) on the chance he had the day before of losing his wife. Mr. Faulkland answered, I wish I had followed the first motion of my thoughts, and discharged that wicked fellow a month ago. Sir George said, as it happened, there had been no harm done; but he thought Mr. Faulkland would do well to dismiss such an insolent rogue from his service. He has



has saved me that trouble, said Mr. Faulkland, he has dismissed himself; but took care first to rob me. To rob you! we all repeated in the same breath. Yes, said Mr. Faulkland: I told him, after I got home, that he was to deliver up such things as he had in his charge to my own man, as I meant to discharge him in the morning. He made me no reply, for he was a sullen fellow; but when the family were asleep, he contrived to pick the lock of a bureau in my dressing-room, where I sometimes keep money. I believe what induced him to it was, his having seen me yesterday morning, when I was going to ride (a precaution which I generally use) put my pocket-book into this place, and I suppose he concluded there were bank notes in it, for he took *that* (I presume without staying to examine it) and all the money he could find besides, and very cleverly made his escape out of a back window, which was found open this morning.

My mother lectured Mr. Faulkland a little, for suffering a servant, whose fidelity he was not sure of, to see where he deposited

deposited his money; which, she said, might prove a temptation to one, who was not so ill inclined as this man. Mr. Faulkland acknowledged it was careless in him; but said, in his justification, he had been accustomed to very honest people about him, which rendered him less suspicious.

He appeared so anxious and unhappy about my indisposition, that I affected to make as light of it as possible; though indeed I find myself very much out of order. With what a kind sorrow did he observe my looks; sighs now-and-then stole from him, as his eyes were fixed on my face. I am obliged to him, yet I think I should be as much concerned for *him*, if he were ill.

Here is a whole cargo of silks and laces just sent in to me—Heigh-ho! I can't look at them—I am not well—and I have such a gauntlope to run of visiting and racketting that the thought makes me sicker.

July 27.—After a fortnight's, a dreadful fortnight's intermission, I reassume my

my pen. I have often told you, Cecilia, I was not born to be happy. Oh! I prophesied when I said so, though I knew not why I said it.

I will try to recollect all the circumstances of this miserable interval, and relate them as well as I can. The last line in my journal (which I have not yet ventured to send you, as your stay at Paris is so uncertain) informs you that I was ill. I was let blood; but my disorder increased, and I was in a high fever before next morning. I remember what my reflections were, and am sure my apprehensions of death were not on my *own* account afflicting, but grievously so at the thoughts of what those should feel whom I was to leave behind.

My mother and Mr. Faulkland, I believe, chiefly engaged my mind: but I did not long continue capable of reflection. The violence of my disorder deprived me of my senses on the fourth day, and they tell me I raved of Mr. Faulkland. I remember nothing, but that, in my intervals of reason, I always saw my poor mother in  
tears

tears by my bedside. I was in the utmost danger, but it pleased God to restore me to the ardent prayers of my dear parent. In about ten days I began to shew some symptoms of amendment, and inquired how Mr. Faulkland did. My mother answered, he is well, my dear, and gone out of town, but I believe will return in a day or two. Gone out of town, said I, and leave me dying! Indeed that was not kind of Mr. Faulkland, and I shall tell him so. My mother was sitting on the bedside, and had hold of my hand; my brother was standing with his back to the fire-place. I observed they looked at one another, but neither made me any answer. Pray, Sir George, I cried, would you serve the woman so whom you were so near making your wife? My brother was going to reply, but my mother frowned at him; he looked displeased, and went out of the room. Dear madam, said I, there is something the matter with Mr. Faulkland; don't keep me in suspense. I *know* there is something, which you and my brother would conceal from me.

me. Is Mr. Faulkland sick? Not that I know of, I assure you, answered my mother; he was well yesterday, for we had a message from him to enquire after your health, as we have had every day, for he is but at Richmond; and you know, if he were in town, he could receive no other satisfaction than hearing from you, as you are too ill to admit of any visits. My mother rang the bell immediately, and asked me to take something; I saw she wanted to turn the conversation. My maid Ellen came into the room, and I asked no more questions.

My mother staid with me till it was time for her to go to rest: but avoided mentioning Mr. Faulkland's name, or giving me any opportunity of doing it; for she tenderly conjured me to keep myself quite composed, and not to talk. The doctor assured her this night that he thought me out of danger; and she retired with looks of cordial delight.

She was no sooner gone, than I called Ellen to my bedside, and charged her to tell me all she knew concerning Mr.



Faulkland. The poor girl looked concerned, and seemed to study for an answer. Lord bless me, madam! what should I know of him more than my lady has told you? When did you see him? said I: Not for several days, she answered. Where is he? At Richmond, I heard Sir George say; but I suppose he will come to town as soon as he hears you are well enough to receive him. I caught hold of her hand; ‘Ellen, I know there is something, relative to Mr. Faulkland, which you all want to hide from me; don’t attempt to deceive me; you may be sure, whatever it be, I must soon be informed of it; in the mean while, my doubts make me very unhappy.’

The good-natured girl’s trouble and confusion increased as I spoke; My dear madam, she replied, when you are better, my lady will tell you all: ‘No, no, Ellen, I must know it now; tell it me this minute, or you must never expect to see me better under such uncertainty. What is the *all*, the frightful *all*, that I am to be told? How you have shocked me with

‘with that little word!’ I know nothing, madam, answered Ellen, but what I gathered from Sir George’s loud angry talk with my lady; and I should be undone if her ladyship were to know I mentioned it to you. I assured her my mother should not know it. Why then, madam (speaking lower) I am afraid that Mr. Faulkland has misbehaved, or has been belied to my lady—She stopped at this—How? how? cry’d I eagerly; what has she heard of him? Something of another courtship, she replied; but I hope it is all false—You trifle with me—speak out, and say all you know. The poor creature started at my impatience: ‘I know no more, madam, than that I heard my lady say to Sir George, I had rather Sidney were in her grave than married to him. Sir George said, But why will you not let Mr. Faulkland justify himself, madam? Justify himself! my lady answered; what can he say? Is it not plain that he is false to another woman? They talked lower; but at last Sir George raised his voice, and said, he would give half his estate to have the villain

lain punished;—All this, madam, I over-  
heard by mere accident. Sir George  
was going abroad; his linen was ly-  
ing ready for him in his dressing-  
room; and his man desired me to put  
a stitch in one of his master's point  
ruffles, which was a little ripped in the  
gathering. I had come up the back  
stairs into the dressing-room, just as my  
lady (who was with Sir George in the  
bed-chamber) said the words I first re-  
peated; and while I stood doing the  
ruffle, I heard the rest. There was a  
great deal more said, but I could not  
distinguish any thing besides, except a  
word here and there, which Sir George  
seemed to speak in a very angry tone.  
This was the second day of your illness.  
Mr. Faulkland had been here in the  
morning to inquire how you did; my  
lady saw him, and I thought they parted  
very friendly. I met Mr. Faulkland  
coming down stairs; he looked full of  
grief; my lady stood at the dining-  
room door, and wished him a good  
morning. About an hour after came  
a letter

' a letter directed to you; it was brought  
 ' by a porter, who said it required no  
 ' answer. As you were too ill to read  
 ' it, I gave it to my lady; and it was  
 ' soon after this, that I heard the con-  
 ' versation between Sir George and her  
 ' ladyship. Mr. Faulkland came again  
 ' in the evening. Sir George was not  
 ' at home; but my lady had him above  
 ' an hour in the drawing-room; and  
 ' the footman, who let him out, said,  
 ' he looked as if he were in sad trouble.  
 ' He has never been here since, but sends  
 ' constantly every day to know how you  
 ' do. My lady ordered me, if any let-  
 ' ters came for you, to deliver them to  
 ' her.' ' And has there any come to me?'  
 ' No, madam, word was always sent to  
 ' Mr. Faulkland of your being so ill,  
 ' that to be sure he thought it would be  
 ' in vain for him to write to you.'

This was all I could gather from the  
 maid. What a night did I pass! I scarce  
 closed my eyes. Ellen lay in a field-bed  
 by me; she had watched several nights,  
 and I obliged her now to undress and go

into bed. She slept soundly; how I envied her tranquillity! If I forgot myself for a few minutes, my slumbers were distracted, and I started at the recollection of what I had already heard, and the dread of what I had *still* to hear. Mr. Faulkland absenting himself from the house so long; my mother wishing me in the grave, rather than be his wife; my brother denouncing vengeance on the *villain*! These were the terrible ideas that haunted me till morning. What can he have done? I cried aloud several times. I summoned to my aid all the fortitude I was mistress of, and resolved not to sink under the calamity, be it of what nature it would.

My mother, ever kind and tender, came early the next morning into my room. She inquired after my health, and looked as if she *pitied* me. I was ready to cry at her compassionate glances; they mortified me, but I was determined not to let her perceive it. I told her I was much better; and, what is surprizing, I was really so, notwithstanding the uneasy state of my mind. She talked of indif-  
ferent



ferent things, and said, she hoped I should soon be able to go into the country for a few days, to recover a little strength. I answered, I hope so too, madam. We were both silent for a while; my mother had her indulgent eyes fixed upon me; mine were cast down: at last I resolved to speak out. Madam, said I, looking stedfastly at her, what is the cause of your coldness towards Mr. Faulkland? 'Tis in vain for you to hide it longer; you say he is *well*, and gone out of town. If he has shewn any slight towards me, tell me so at once; and do not entertain so mean an opinion of your daughter, as to suppose she cannot bear the news. Your tenderness, I see, would conceal *something* from me; but believe me, madam, I am prepared for the worst.

My dear, replied my mother, it gives me great pleasure to hear you say so. I pray God preserve my child, and grant her a better lot than she could hope for in a union with Mr. Faulkland. What has he done, madam? My dearest Sidney, she answered, this is the first trial you have

ever had of your patience ; but I have no doubt that your goodness and discretion will teach you to act as becomes your character.

I did not intend to have spoken to you on the subject, till you were better able to bear the knowlege of what I am going to acquaint you with ; but your prudence, I think, makes you equal to every thing ; and I hope your health will not be endangered by the discovery of Mr. Faulkland's baseness. (What a dreadful preface !)

The day after you were taken ill, a letter, directed to you, was brought hither by a porter, which your maid (very discretely) delivered to me. As you were not in a condition to read it yourself, I thought proper to open it. The cover contained a few lines addressed to you ; and in it was inclosed a letter directed to Mr. Faulkland. Good God, added she, taking the papers out of her pocket, how little reliance ought we to have on a fair outside !

Here

Here are the letters; read what is in the cover first. I did so; it was ill writ, and worse spelt. These were the contents.

Madam,

I hear you are soon to be married to Mr. Faulkland; but as I think it a great pity that so virtuous a young lady should be thrown away, this is to inform you, that he does not deserve you.

The inclosed letter, wrote to him by a fine and beautiful young lady that he decoyed, shews you how false he is. When you tax him with it, he will know from whence you got your information; but let him deny it if he can.

I am, madam,

Your unknown friend,  
and humble servant.

The letter to Mr. Faulkland, in a very pretty female hand, and the date but a week old (from the time it was sent to me) was as follows:

E 5

“ Oh!

“ Oh! Mr. Faulkland, I am the most unfortunate woman in the world! Fatal have you been to me, and I am undone for ever.—I was in hopes that our mutual fault might have been concealed; for, while we staid at Bath, I kept my aunt intirely ignorant of what passed between us, though she often pressed me to confess the truth; but it can now no longer be concealed. I am but too sensibly reminded of the unhappy consequences of my own weakness, and your ungoverned (would I could call it) love. I never meant to trouble you with complaints; but my present condition calls loudly for your compassion. Are you then really going to be married? There wants but this to complete my destruction! Oh! Sir, before it is too late, take pity on me! I dare not continue in the house with my uncle much longer. My aunt says, that, when my affliction becomes so conspicuous as not to be any longer hid, she will form a pretence, on account of my health, for me to be absent for some months, under

der colour of going to Bath, or to London, for better advice than I can have here. But what will this avail me? I have no relations, no friends, nor acquaintance, that I can trust with the secret of my miserable situation. To whom then can I fly, but to you, the cause of all my sorrow? I beseech you, for heaven's sake, write to me, and tell me, if indeed you are going to give yourself away for ever! If you are, your intended bride, perhaps may have no other advantage of me, but what you in an evil hour deprived me of. Write to me, dear, though cruel, as you are; and think of some place of refuge for your unhappy

A. B."

When I had read these letters, my mother asked me, what I thought of Mr. Faulkland? Indeed, I was so astonished, that I scarce knew what answer to make; but replied, Madam, are you satisfied that this letter is not forged, with a design to injure Mr. Faulkland? Ah! my dear, said she, I am sorry you strive to catch at  
so



so slender a twig; you may be sure I am but too well convinced that the letter is genuine, or you should never have had a moment's uneasiness by the knowledge of it. Mr. Faulkland himself does not deny it, and it is with his permission that I kept it. I promised to return it, but desired leave to retain it for a few days. He could not refuse me this, though he might easily imagine I designed to shew it to you. That, indeed, was my intention, when I desired to keep it a little while in my hands, and I did so, that I might have your judgment on the letter itself, as well as fully to justify my own proceedings in what I have done. Ah! dear madam, cry'd I, scarce knowing what I said, I rely on your maternal goodness; I am sure you have done what is proper. Yet has Mr. Faulkland nothing to say for himself?—But I will ask no more questions—I know too much already—My love, said my mother, you have a right to know every thing relative to this affair.

I shewed the letters to your brother, as  
soon

soon as I received them. Sir George at first seemed quite confounded, but afterwards, to my very great surprize, he smiled and said, he knew of that foolish business before. I asked him if he knew of it before, how he could answer it to his honour, his conscience, or the love he ought to bear his sister, not to divulge it immediately? Why, said he, I assure you it is a trivial affair, that ought not to make you uneasy.

What, George! answered I, a trivial matter for a man to ruin a fine young lady, forsake her, and dare to involve an innocent creature in his crimes! Do you call this a *trivial* affair? If you knew the circumstances, said he, you would not view it in so disadvantageous a light. Faulkland certainly gained the affections of a young lady, though without seeking to do so; he never courted her, never attempted to please her, much less to win her heart, and least of all to ruin her virtue. I know that is an action he is not capable of committing. How comes it to pass then that he *did* so, said I, interrupting

rupting him? Why, the girl was silly, and she was thrown in his way by a vile designing woman that had the care of her. 'And was he (again stopping him) to take advantage of her folly, and join with that *vile designing* woman, to destroy a poor young creature's honour?' The *best* men, said he confidently, may fall into an error; and if you expect to find a man intirely free from them, you look for what is not possible in human nature.

I may expect to find a man without flagrant crimes to answer for, I hope; and I believe I spoke it with warmth. Do you call *this* one, madam? said he, with still more assurance: I hope Sidney will not be such a chit as to think in this manner, when she comes to hear the affair explained. I really grew down-right angry, and could not forbear saying, I would rather see you married to your grave than to such a man. Your brother then begged I would hear Mr. Faulkland justified, and be a little cool till that was done. I told him there was a terrible  
fact

fact alledged, of which I could not conceive it possible for him to acquit himself.

George said, he had a letter to shew me on the subject, which he had received from Mr. Faulkland while he was at Bath, and which he was sure would convince me, that the whole affair was so trifling, it ought by no means to be objected to Mr. Faulkland, nor, in his opinion, even mentioned to him.

I told him, I was sorry to find that he and I thought so differently; for that I was determined to speak to Mr. Faulkland immediately about it, and, if he could not satisfy me intirely on the score of the injured lady, that he must never think of Sidney more.

Your brother said, that the letter which was sent to you had come from the revengeful dog who had robbed his master, and that he would give half his estate to have the villain punished as he deserved. Mr. Faulkland, it seems, had told him this himself. The fellow found it in the pocket-book which he had taken out of the escrutore, and his disappointment,

per-

perhaps, at not getting a better booty (for he found but twenty moidores besides) joined to his malice against his master, incited him to make the use he did of this letter. Now, continued my mother, though the fellow is undoubtedly a vile creature, yet, my dear, I think *we* are obliged to him for this discovery, providentially as it has come, to save you from what, in my opinion, would be the worst of misfortunes.

The loss of this letter had alarmed Mr. Faulkland so much, that he put an advertisement into the papers next day, worded in so particular a manner, as shewed how very fearful he was of that letter's coming to light; for, no doubt, he suspected the man might make a dangerous use of it. The advertisement said, that if the servant, who had absconded from his master's house in St. James's Square the night before, would restore the papers which he took with him, they should be received without any questions being asked, and a reward of twenty guineas paid to any person who should bring them back.



back. This advertisement, which, to be sure, the fellow either did not see at all, or had not time enough to avail himself of it, shews you to what sad resources people are driven, who, having done unwarrantable actions, are often in the power of the lowest wretches. I own this circumstance gave me a very ill impression of Mr. Faulkland. Your brother says, he remembers this man was one of the servants he took with him to Bath, and, without doubt, he knew of his amour. The advertisement has since been changed, by Sir George's advice. I find the man is named, his person described, and a reward of fifty pounds offered for the apprehending him; but I take it for granted he has got out of reach.

Though this little digression was very pertinent, I was impatient to know what had passed between my mother and Mr. Faulkland on the fatal subject, and could not forbear asking her.

I shall tell you, said she, in order. Your brother and I had some farther altercations; and indeed, my dear, it amazes  
me

me to find, that a young man, educated as Sir George was, in the early part of life, in the strictest principles of virtue, and the son of parents, who, thank God, always gave him the best example, should have so far deviated from the sober paths he was brought up in, as to treat the most glaring vices with a levity that shocked me. But, I suppose, the company he kept abroad, among whom this hypocrite Faulkland was his chief, has quite perverted him. He gave me the letter to read, which he had received from his friend whilst he was at Bath; and which, he said, was to convince me that it was such a *trifling* affair, that we ought not to take the least notice of it. And all his reason for this was, truly, because that loose man treats the subject as lightly as he does. I am afraid Sir George is no better than himself, or he would not have ventured to make him the confident of his wild amours; and that at a time too when he was encouraged to address you. He tells him of a very pretty young lady (innocent he says too) that he got acquainted

quainted with, who came to Bath under the care of an aunt and uncle; he talks some idle stuff of avoiding her, when he found she liked him, and that the aunt (wicked woman!) contrived to leave them together one evening, when, I understand, the poor young creature fell into the snare that was prepared for her. For, would you believe it, my dear, the monstrous libertine, notwithstanding his pretences, owned that he had paid a price for the girl to her aunt. The betrayed creature herself knew not of this.

I own I had not patience to read the letter through. To say the truth, I but run my eye in a cursory manner over it; I was afraid of meeting, at every line, something offensive to decency. And *this* was the account, which, in your brother's opinion, was intirely to exculpate Mr. Faulkland. I think I never was so angry. I threw the letter to George with indignation, telling him, I was ashamed to find, that he, after knowing an incident of this kind, had so little regard to the honour of his sister, as to promote a marriage between

tween her and such a rake. He answered, if I kept you unmarried till I found such a man as *I* should *not* call a rake, you were likely to live and die a maid. That for his part, he was very sorry, as well for Mr. Faulkland's sake as yours, he had ever proposed an union, which he found was likely to be overthrown by unseasonable scruples. And the gentleman, in a violent passion, flung out of the room, without deigning even to take up the letter, which had fallen on the floor.

I presume he went directly to his friend Faulkland, and told him all that had passed; for the plausible man came to me in the evening, and with looks, full of pretended sorrow, but *real* guilt, begged I would hear him on the subject of a letter which, he said, he found had unfortunately prejudiced me against him. To be sure he was prepared, and had, with George's help, contrived an artful story to impose on me. He took me unawares; but I was resolved not to give him the advantage of arguments, but proceed to ask him a few plain questions. I therefore cut  
him

him short at once, by saying, Mr. Faulkland, I am extremely concerned and shocked at what has happened; I will say but a few words to you; and desire to hear nothing more than answers to my questions: he bowed, and remained silent.

I then asked him, taking the young lady's letter out of my pocket, whether that was from the same person, of whom he had written an account to my son whilst he was at Bath? He answered, It is, madam; and I hoped from that letter, which I find Sir George has shewn you, you would be induced to believe that I never formed a thought of injuring that young lady, till some unfortunate circumstances combined, and suddenly surprized me into the commission of a fault that has made us both unhappy. Sir, said I, I don't pretend to know people's hearts, I can only judge of them from their actions. You acknowledge that she was a fine young woman, and you believe innocent: What excuse can you offer for being her destroyer? Dear madam, don't  
use



use so severe an expression——Sir, I can use no other: How can you extenuate the fault, by which you merit so severe an appellation? To a lady of your rigid delicacy, madam, said he, perhaps what youth could offer, in extenuation of the fault, might appear but a weak plea: yet 'tis most certain, that I was surprized into the fatal error: I am under no promises, no ties, no engagements whatsoever to the lady. No ties, Sir! (interrupting him) Is your own honour no tie upon you, supposing you free from any other obligation? You see the Consequence of this fatal error, as you call it: here is a young person, of fashion, perhaps (I don't inquire who she is, but she seems to have had no mean education) who is likely to bring a child into the world, to the disgrace of herself and her family. On you, Sir, she charges her dishonour, and mentions your marrying another, as the blow which is to complete her ruin. Mr. Faulkland, is not all this truth? Be so good as to give me a direct answer. Madam, I cannot deny it; you have the proof of  
it

it in your hands: from all that appears to you, I am indeed very blameable; nay, I do not pretend to vindicate my folly; but, madam, do not aggravate my fault in your own thoughts, by considering the affair in a more unfavourable light than what even her letter puts it. I conjure you, madam, to suffer Sir George to be my advocate on this occasion; he is acquainted with every particular of the transaction, and can give you a detail that I will not presume to do. Be pleased, Sir, replied I, to tell me what you mean to do in regard to this lady? I mean to do all that I *can* do, answered he; I shall provide a place of retreat for her, where she will meet with the utmost care, tenderness, and respect; and where she may continue with privacy till she is in a condition to return home again to her friends. You may be sure, madam, as to the rest, I shall acquit myself consistently with honour. That is as much as to say, Sir, said I, that you will take care of the maintenance of your poor babe. He looked as if he had a mind to smile, forward man!

man! but constrained it. Doubtless, madam, I shall do all that is now in my power to do, in every circumstance relating to her.

I felt myself exceedingly displeased with him; I was so disappointed in my opinion of him, that it increased my resentment. Sir, I proceeded, I must inform you, that there is as much *now* in your power as ever there was. You are still unmarried; the way is open to you to repair the mischief you have done: I will never bring down the curses of an injured maid upon my daughter's head, nor purchase her worldly prosperity at the expence of the shame and sorrow of another woman, for aught I know, as well born, as tenderly bred, and, till she knew you, perhaps as innocent as herself. For heaven's sake, madam! he cry'd, don't, don't, I beseech you, pronounce my fate so hastily.— You must pardon me, Sir, said I, if I beg to hear no more on this subject. Sir George has already said every thing you could expect of your friend to say in your justification, and more than became him

to utter. All I can find by either you or him, is, that you think the loss of honour to a young woman is a trifle, which a man is not obliged to repair, because truly he did not *promise* to do so. This young creature, I understand, is a gentlewoman, very charming in her person, by your own account; one who loves you tenderly, and will shortly make you a father. Is not all this so? I grant, it, madam, said the criminal. Then, Sir, what reason can you urge in your conscience for not doing her justice? None—but your own inconstant inclinations, which happen now to be better pleased with another woman, whom, perhaps, you might forsake in a few months.

I cannot pretend to repeat to you all he said upon this last article: words of course you may be sure. He intreated, over and over again, that I would permit Sir George to plead for him. I told him, that after the facts he had granted, it was impossible that either he or Sir George could make the affair better; that I was very sorry to find myself disappointed in a person of whom I had conceived so high an

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opinion; and added, that as your illness made it very improper to let you know any thing of the matter for the present, I should take it as a favour if he would permit me to retain the lady's letter to him for a few days, or till you were in a condition to have the matter broke to you. In the mean while, I requested that he would dispense with my receiving any more visits from him.

He said some frantic things (for the man seems of a violent temper); but finding me peremptory, took his leave with respect.

I understand from Sir George, that he flew directly down to Richmond, to a little house he has there, where he has remained ever since; but sends every day to enquire after your health. Sir George I am sure, sees him often; for he frequently goes out early in the morning and stays abroad till night. The increase of your illness, from the time I received the last visit from Mr. Faulkland, to such a degree as to alarm us for your life, I suppose, prevented your brother from assuming the subject; though I can per-



ceive he is full of anger and vexation on the occasion. You are now, my dear, God be praised, in a hopeful way of recovery, and I expect that George (who has, by espousing this man's interests so warmly, very much offended me) that George, I say, will renew his solicitations in his favour. What do you say, my child? I should be glad to know your thoughts, with regard to the part I have acted, as well as with respect to Mr. Faulkland's conduct.

Shall I own my weakness to you, my dear Cecilia? I was ready to melt into tears; my spirits, exhausted by sickness, were not proof against this unexpected blow; a heavy sigh burst from my heart, that gave me a little relief. You know my mother is rigid in her notions of virtue; and I was determined to shew her that I would endeavour to imitate her. I therefore suppressed the swelling passion in my breast, and, with as much composure as I could assume, told her, I thought she acted as became her; and that, with regard to Mr. Faulkland, my opinion of his conduct was such, that I never desired to see him more. This answer, dictated

perhaps by female pride (for I will not answer for the feelings of my heart at that instant) was so agreeable to my mother, that she threw her arms about my neck, and kissed me several times; blessing, and calling me by the most endearing names at every interval. Her tenderness overcame me; or, to deal with sincerity, I believe I was willing to make it an excuse for weeping. Oh! my dear mother, cry'd I, I have need of your indulgence; but indeed your goodness quite overpowers me. My dear love, said she, you deserve it all, and more than it is in your mother's power to shew you. What a blessed escape have you had, my sweet child, of that wild man! Little did I think, my Sidney, when I told you the story of my first disappointment, that a case so parallel would soon be your own. With respect to you and me indeed, the incidents are nearly alike; but there is a wide difference between the two men. My lover had the grace to repent, and would have returned to his first engagements, if a dreadful malady had not overtaken him; but this graceless Faulkland persists in his infide

infidelity, and would make you as culpable as himself. I own to you daughter, that the recollection of that melancholy event which happened to me, has given me a sort of horror at the very thoughts of an union between you and Mr. Faulkland. You remember the sad consequences which I related to you of an infidelity of this kind; the poor forsaken woman died of grief, and the dishonest lover ran mad. Think of this, my child, and let it encourage you to banish such an unworthy man from your heart. I was afraid your regard for him might make this a difficult task; but I rejoice to find your virtue is stronger than your passion. I loved as well as you, but I overcame it when I found it a duty to do so; and I see your mother's example is not lost upon you.

The honest pride that my mother endeavoured to inspire me with, had a good effect, and kept up my spirits for a time.

She told me, she was sure that Sir George would quarrel with us both, when we came to talk upon the subject of the marriage;

but she was entirely easy as to that, now she knew that *my* sentiments corresponded with her own.

You know my mother has ever been despotic in her government of me; and had I even been inclined to dissent from her judgment in a matter of this importance, it would have been to no purpose; but this was really far from my thoughts.

I was as much disgusted with Mr. Faulkland as she was, and as heartily pitied the unhappy young creature whom he had undone.

You may recollect, my dear, that my mother, tho' strictly nice in every particular, has a sort of partiality to her own sex, and where there is the least room for it, throws the whole of the blame upon the *man's* side; who, from her own early prepossessions, she is always inclined to think are deceivers of women. I am not surprized at this bias in her; her early disappointment, with the attending circumstances, gave her this impression. She is warm, and sometimes *sudden*, in her attachments; and yet it is not always difficult

sicult to turn her from them. The integrity of her own heart makes her liable to be imposed on by a plausible outside; and yet the dear good woman takes a sort of pride in her sagacity. She had admired and esteemed Mr. Faulkland prodigiously; her vexation was the greater, in finding her expectations disappointed; and could I have been so unjust to the pretensions of another, or so indelicate in regard to myself, as to have overlooked Mr. Faulkland's fault, I knew my mother would be inflexible. I therefore resolved in earnest to banish him from my thoughts. I found my mother was mightily pleased with her own management of the conversation she had held with Mr. Faulkland. I think I talked pretty *roundly* to him, said she; but there was no other way; he is an artful man, and I was resolved not to let him wind me about. He would make a merit of having *formed no designs* upon the young lady; why, possibly, he did not, till he found the poor soul was so smitten with him, that he thought she would be an easy prey. Sir George im-

F 4

pudently



prudently insinuated, that a man *must* not reject a lady upon these occasions. I was ashamed to hint to Mr. Faulkland at the circumstance of his having actually paid a price for the girl; it was too gross; and I think, had I mentioned it, must have struck him dumb: though very likely he might have had some subterfuge, even for that aggravating part of the story.

How I am shock'd, my Cecilia, to think of this! I was glad my mother had spared his confusion on this particular; for though probably, as she observed, he had come prepared with some evasion to this charge, yet what a mean figure must a man make, who is reduced to dissingenuous shifts, to excuse or palliate an action, despicable as well as wicked!

My brother came in, during our discourse, to ask me how I did. My mother answered his question before I had time to speak. She is pretty well, thank God! and not likely to break her heart, though she *knows* your friend Mr. Faulkland's story (and she spoke it scornfully). My brother said, Sidney, Are *you* as  
averse

averse to Mr. Faulkland as my mother is? I replied, Brother, I wonder you can ask me that question, after what you have been just now told. I always said, answered he, that you did not know the value of the man, and now I am convinced of it. I wish he had never seen you! I wish so too, said I. Sir George walked about the room, and seemed vexed to death. For heaven's sake, madam, (turning to my mother) now my sister is tolerably recovered, suffer her to see Mr. Faulkland; let her hear what he has to say in his own vindication: I think you may trust to her honour, and her discretion; and if the affair appears to her in so heinous a light as it does to you, I will be contented to give Mr. Faulkland up; but don't shut your own ears, and your daughter's too, against conviction.

Sir, you are disrespectful, said my mother angrily. Dear brother, I cry'd, I beg you will spare me on this subject; my mother *has* given me leave to judge for myself; she has repeated all that you have said, and all that Mr. Faulkland has

been able to urge on the occasion; and I am sorry to tell you, that I think myself bound never to have any farther correspondence with him; therefore you must excuse me for not seeing him. And so the match is broke off, cry'd Sir George. *It is*, said my mother peremptorily. *It is*, echoed I faintly. Why then, replied Sir George (and he swore), you will never get such another whilst you live. A pretty figure you'll make in the world, when you give it for a reason that you refused *such* a man, after every thing was concluded upon, because truly you found that he had had an intrigue! Why, Sidney, you'll be so laugh'd at! He address'd himself to me, though I knew he meant the reproof for my mother. Sir, answered she, neither your sister nor I shall trouble ourselves much about the opinion of people who *can* laugh at such things. You may put the matter into as ridiculous a light as you please; but this was no common intrigue; you *know* it was not, however you may affect to speak of it. I don't suppose *any* of you are

*Saints,*

*Saints*, but, I trust in Heaven, some are better than others. Oh! madam, madam, said my brother, if you knew the world as well as *I* do, you would think that Mr. Faulkland is one of the best. God forbid! my mother answered coolly. Well, well, madam, cry'd Sir George, I see it is to no purpose to argue; there are many families of more consequence than ours, and ten times the fortune, that will be very proud of Faulkland's alliance; and will hardly make it an objection to him, that he was led into a foolish scrape by the wickedness of one woman, and the folly of another. If you make my sister wait for a husband, till you find a man who never offended in that way, I think, mother, you had better take a little boy from his nurse, breed him up under your own eye, and by the time Sidney is a good motherly gentlewoman, you may give her the baby to make a play-thing of. For my own part, I am heartily sorry I ever interfered.—People of such nice scruples had better chuse for themselves; but I cannot help thinking, that  
both

both Faulkland and I are very ill used. I told you (said my mother to me) how he would behave. Sir George, I desire you will not distress your sister thus. (She saw me sadly cast down: I was ill and weak): if you have no respect for *me*, have a little tenderness for her.—I beg your pardon, child, said he, I did not mean to distress you, I pity *you*, indeed Sidney. I could have cry'd at his using that expression, it humbles one so. Madam (to my mother), you shall be troubled no farther by my friend or myself; all I shall say is this, that whenever my sister gets a husband of your ladyship's chusing, I wish he may have half the worth of the poor rejected Faulkland.

My brother left the room with these words. My mother was downright in a passion, but soon cooled on his withdrawing.

My spirits were quite fatigued; and my mother left me, that I might take a little rest.

What a strange alteration have a few days produced! our domestic peace broke  
in



in upon by the unlucky difference between my mother and my brother. My near prospect of——of——oh! let me be ingenuous, and say Happiness, vanished—Poor Mr. Faulkland! *Poor* do I call him? for shame, Sidney—but let the word go; I will not blot it. Mr. Faulkland forbid the house, myself harrassed by a cruel disorder, and hardly able to crawl out of bed. All this has fallen on me within these last fourteen black days. Then I dread the going abroad, or seeing company, I shall look so silly; for the intended wedding began to be talked of;—and the curiosity of people to know the cause of it's being broke off——What wild guesses will be made by some, and what lies invented, by others! Then the ill-natured mirth of one half of the girls of my acquaintance, and the *as* provoking condolences of the other half——I am fretted at the thoughts of it—but it cannot be helped; I must bear it all——I wish I were well enough to get into the country, to be out of the reach of such impertinence.

I long to know who this ill-fated girl  
is,

is, that has been the cause of all this. *A gentlewoman, and very pretty; one that loves Mr. Faulkland, and will shortly make him a parent.* Thus my mother described her to Mr. Faulkland, and he assented to it. Oh! fie, fie, Mr. Faulkland, how could you be so cruel to *her*? How could you use *me* so ill? and Sir George knew of all this, and makes light of it! it is a strange story! My mother is severe in her virtue, but she is in the right—My brother would sacrifice every consideration to aggrandize his family—To make a purchase of the unhappy creature, and that without her knowledge too, it is horrid! Away, away from my thoughts, thou vile intruder—Return to your Bath mistress, she has a better right to you than I have; she implores your pity; she has no refuge but you; and she may be every way preferable to me—I wish I knew her name, but what is it to me; *mine* will never be Faulkland, *hers* ought. Perhaps Mr. Faulkland may be induced to marry her, when he sees her in her present interesting situation. He says he will  
pro-

provide a retreat for her; to be sure he will have the compassion to visit her: and then who knows what may happen? If I know my own heart, I think I do most sincerely wish he may make her his wife; but then I would not chuse to have it known suddenly; that might look as if he forsook me for her. *That*, I own, would a little hurt my pride. I wish not the truth to be known, for Mr. Faulkland's sake; but then I should not like to have a slur thrown on me.

I will add no more to this; but send the packet off at all events; I think it will find you at Paris.

*August 1.* ——— My health promises to return: my mother praises me, and calls me a Heroine. I begin to fancy myself one: our pride sometimes stands in the place of virtue.

Sir George went to Richmond yesterday. We have scarce seen him since the time he had with us the other day. What strange creatures these men are, even the best of them! and how light they make of faults.

faults in one another, that shock us but to think of!

My mother takes his behaviour very ill: he staid all night with his friend, and returned to town this morning: he only looked into my room, to ask me how I did: my mother was sitting with me. I believe that hindered him from coming in; for he looked as if he wanted to speak to me. He bowed to my mother, but said not a word; he went abroad again as soon as he was dressed, and did not come in till late. I fear his conduct will oblige us to separate; for my mother will not brook any liberties to be taken with her: she hinted as much, and said she believed Sir George was tired of living regularly.

She anticipated the request I intended to make to her, of letting me go out of town; for she said, as soon as I was able, I should remove into the country for a while. Sidney Castle is too long a journey for me at present to think of undertaking, and she talks of going into Essex, on a visit to Lady Grimston, which we have long promised her. I shall like this  
better

better than going down to Wiltshire, where the want of my Cecilia would make my old abode a melancholy place, especially at this juncture.

*August 4.* ————— Sir George continues fullen and cold to us: he never has had an opportunity of saying any thing particular to me since the day he said so much. My mother scarce ever leaves me; he seems nettled at this. I believe he would endeavour to work on *me*, as he knows the attempt would be vain in regard to *her*. As I am now well enough to receive the visits of our intimate acquaintance, I am never without company. I am really in pretty good spirits, and bear my disappointment (as I told you I would) very handsomely. I never hear Mr. Faulkland's name mentioned, no more than if such a man did not exist. We are to set out for lady Grimston's house on Tuesday; it is but twenty miles from London; and I am already strong enough to bear a longer journey.

My mother told Sir George, that if he  
liked



liked it, the house we are now in was at his service during her time of it, of which there are some months to come; for she said, she meant to go directly home from Essex. Sir George thanked her, but did not say whether he would accept of her offer or not.

*August 5.*—I have been obliged to turn away my poor Ellen. She was so imprudent as to receive a letter for me from Mr. Faulkland's man, contrary to my mother's express commands. She brought it to me, and I gave it to my mother unopened; who put it directly into the fire without reading it, and told me it would oblige her, if I would part with the servant who had presumed to take it after her prohibition. I instantly obeyed, and have just discharged her. I should have a sad loss of her, only I am in hopes of having her place well supplied by an old acquaintance and play-fellow of ours, poor Patty Main; her father is dead, and she is obliged to go to service, for he has left a widow with six children. The eldest son,

son, you remember, served his time to his father, and is just now setting out in business; but a young surgeon in a country town must take some time to establish himself; though he is a very worthy youth, and I hear clever in his profession.

Patty came to town last week with a lady from our neighbourhood, who applied to my mother to recommend the girl to wait on some person of fashion. My mother has been looking out for a suitable place for her; but she told me to-day, she thought I could not do better than take her to myself; I shall be very glad to have her, for she is an amiable young woman.

*August 6.*—We go out of town at seven o'clock to-morrow morning, as we are to dine at Grimston-hall, and purpose going at our leisure. I will steal a few minutes from sleep, though it is now very late, to give you a short scene which passed in my chamber about an hour ago.

Sir George (who, according to his late custom, had been abroad all day) came  
into.

into my room, where my mother and I were sitting together. He asked us, Did we hold our purpose of going out of town next day? Yes, certainly, my mother said. And you intend going from lady Grimston's to Sidney Castle? We do. Then, madam (to my mother), as it is the last trouble you are likely to have from Mr. Faulkland, I hope you will not refuse to read this letter, which he has sent you; and he took one out of his pocket, and presented it to her. She did not make an offer to receive it, but answered, Sir George, it is to no purpose for Mr. Faulkland to solicit me; you know I don't easily alter my resolutions when once they are fixed: he has given himself an unnecessary trouble; pray excuse me: it was not handsome of him to write to my daughter, after he knew my sentiments. You need not be afraid of fresh solicitations, madam, said my brother; I knew enough of your *firmness* (and he spoke the word firmness reluctantly, as if he would rather have used another, perhaps less respectful term); I knew enough  
to

to assure Faulkland there was not the least hope left for him ; and though I do not know the subject of that letter, I can venture to assure you, it is not intended to move you in favour of his pretensions : this he declared to me, before I would take the letter from him ; but what puts it past doubt, is, that he set out this very evening from London, in order to embark for Germany. I could not help breathing a sigh when Sir George said this ; but nobody heard me. He still held the letter in his hand, and again offered it to my mother ; You need not be afraid of it, madam ; I presume it may be no more than to take a civil leave of you. I wish him well, said my mother, taking the letter ; if that be all, what he says may keep cold ; and she put it into her pocket without opening.

This being the eve of our journey, some little domestic matters, which my mother had to settle, called her out of the room. Sir George took that opportunity to ask me, whether my mother had shewed me the letter which he had received  
from

from Mr. Faulkland while he was at Bath, relative to that cursed affair, as he called it. I told him, my mother had repeated great part of the contents of it to me; and that the principal observation she had made, was not favourable to *him*, on account of his being made the confidant of such an affair.

I am very sorry for your sake, Sidney, said he, that our mother is of so inflexible a temper; you have lost by it, what you will have reason to regret as long as you live. Such amazing obstinacy! such unaccountable perverseness! I do not want to shake your filial obedience; but I, for my own part, think that nothing but infatuation can account for your mother's conduct——Does she want a man without passions? Or have you filled your head with such chimærical notions as to— I interrupted him (for my brother is not always nice in his choice of words);—Dear Sir George, say no more; I am very well contented as I am. I will not increase your uneasiness, said he, by telling you what Faulkland has suffered on this occasion.



casion. If ever love was carried to adoration, it was in the breast of that generous, charming fellow—but you have lost him—and I have lost him; thanks to my wife scrupulous mother for that. I begged of him to drop the subject. My mother came in to us again. Sir George bid us good night, and wished us a good journey. The parting was cool enough. I am glad, however, there is not a total rupture. I believe he will continue in our house in town for a time, at least.

Patty Main, who gladly accepted of the offer of my service, came home to me this evening. She is grown very tall and genteel. I hardly know how to treat her as a servant; but the good girl is so humble, that she does all in her power to make me forget that I ever knew her in a better situation; but in this she fails of her purpose, for it only serves to remind me the more strongly of it: she is so ready, and so handy, that she does twenty little offices that do not belong to her place, and which are not expected of her. My mother is exceedingly pleased with her, and  
says

says it is such a happiness to have about me a young person virtuously brought up, that she almost considers her as one of the family.

*Grimston-hall, August 8.*

We arrived here yesterday, and met a most friendly reception from the lady of this mansion. But before I say any more of her, I will hasten to a more interesting subject. I have got Mr. Faulkland's letter to my mother; she has just put it into my hands; and while she walks in the garden with lady Grimston, I will make haste to transcribe it. Thus it is:

Madam,

I submit to the sentence you have passed on me. I am miserable, but do not presume to expostulate. I purpose leaving England directly; but would wish, if possible (a little to mitigate the severity of my lot), to convince you, that the unhappy rejected man, who aspired to the honour of being your son-in-law,  
is

is not quite such a criminal as he now appears to you.

To Sir George's friendship I know I am much indebted for endeavouring to vindicate me. It was not in his power, it was not in my own; for you saw all which I, in unreserved freedom, wrote to him on the subject of my acquaintance with Miss B.

I have but one resource left; perhaps, madam, you will think it a strange one. To the lady herself I must appeal. She will do me justice, and I am sure will be ready to acknowledge that I am no betrayer of innocence, no breaker of promises; that I was surprized into the commission of a fault, for which I have paid so dear a price.

Her testimony, madam, may perhaps have some weight with you; though I propose nothing more from it, than that you may think of me with less detestation. You have banished me from your presence: I am a voluntary exile from my country, and from my friends: I submit to the chastisement, and would

do any thing to expiate my offence against you and Miss Bidulph. There is but *one* command which you can possibly lay on me, to which I would not pay a perfect and ready obedience; but that act, perhaps, is the *only* one which would make me appear worthy of your esteem.

The lady whom it has been my ill fate to render unhappy, and by whom I am made unutterable so, will, ere long, come to a house at Putney, which I have taken on purpose for her. I have placed in it my housekeeper, a grave worthy woman, under whose care she will be safe, and attended with that secrecy and tenderness which her condition requires.

I have written to her a faithful account of every thing relative to my hoped-for alliance with your family, and the occasion of the treaty's being broken off. As she must, by this means, know that your ladyship is acquainted with her story, I have told her, that, perhaps you might, from the interest you took in her misfortune, be induced to see her in her retirement. Let me, therefore, conjure you,



madam, by that pious zeal which governs all your actions, and by the love you bear that daughter so deservedly dear to you, to take compassion on this young lady. She has no friends, nor any acquaintance in this part of the kingdom; her situation will require the comfort of society, and perhaps, the advice of wisdom. It will be an act worthy of your humanity to shew some countenance to her.

I think she will be in very good hands with the honest woman who waits her coming; but if any thing should happen otherwise than well, it would make me doubly wretched.

To one who has no resources of contentment in her own bosom, solitude cannot be a friend; this I fear may be the lady's case; and this makes me with the more earnestness urge my request to you. Forgive me, madam, for the liberty I take with you; a liberty, which though I confess it needs an apology, yet is it at the same time a proof of the confidence I have in you, which I hope will not affront either your candour or your virtue.



If you will condescend to grant this request, I shall obtain the two wishes at present most material to my peace; the one to secure to the lady a compassionate friend, already inclined to espouse her cause; the other, to put it in your power to be satisfied from the lady's own mouth of the truth of what I have asserted. I trust to her generosity to deal openly on this occasion.

I wish you and Miss Bidulph every blessing that heaven can bestow, and am, with great respect,

Madam,

Your ladyship's most obedient,

Humble Servant,

ORLANDO FAULKLAND.

P. S. The lady will go by the name of Mrs. Jefferis: you will pardon me for not having mentioned her *real name*. I never yet told it even to Sir George; but I presume she will make no secret of it to you, if you honour her with a visit.

Poor Orlando! unhappy Miss B. ! I could name a third person, that is not  
*happy*

*happy* neither. What a pity it is, that so many good qualities should be blotted by imperfections! how tender is his compassion for this poor girl! how ingenuous his conduct! but still he flies from her. I fear she can never hope to recover him. There is but *one* thing, he says, which *he would not do; the only act, perhaps, by which he could make himself appear worthy of my mother's esteem.* The meaning of this but too plainly shews him determined against marrying Miss B. I don't know any thing else which would reconcile my mother to him.

I make no doubt of her complying with Mr. Faulkland's request in seeing the lady: she is very compassionate, particularly to her own sex.

What a *strange resource* indeed is this of Mr. Faulkland's, to appeal to the lady herself! What am I to judge from it, but that the unfortunate victim, ignorant of the treachery that was practised against her by her wicked aunt, and that her destroyer paid a *price* for her dishonour, exculpates him from the worst part of the guilt, and perhaps, poor easy creature,

blames her own weakness only for the error which a concealed train of cunning and perfidy might have led her into?

But even supposing Miss B. were generous and candid enough (and great indeed must be her candour and generosity) to justify this guilty man, What would it avail? Did not my mother tell me she conceived a *sort of horror at the bare idea of an union between Mr. Faulkland and me?* This arises from the strong impression made on her by the unlucky event which blasted her own early love. Strong and early prejudices are almost insurmountable.

My mother's piety, genuine and rational as it is, is notwithstanding a little tinged with superstition; it was the error of her education, and her good sense has not been able to surmount it; so that I know the universe would not induce her to change her resolution in regard to Mr. Faulkland. She thinks he *ought* to marry Miss B. and she will *ever* think so. I wish he would; for I am sure he never can be mine. The bell  
rings

rings for breakfast; I must run down. My mother came up to dress just now, and stepped into my room. I returned her the letter, and she asked me, What I thought of Mr. Faulkland's request? Madam, you are a better judge of the propriety of it than I am. I shall have no objection to seeing the unhappy lady, said she, since it seems he has apprised her of my knowledge of her affairs. I am glad he has the grace to shew even so much compassion for her; perhaps it may be the beginning of repentance, and time may work a thorough reformation in him, if God spares him his life and his *senses*. You see which way my good mother's thoughts tended. I did not, she added, intend to return to London again; but this occasion, I think, calls upon me; and I believe I shall go for a while, in order to see and comfort this poor young creature. She cannot yet be near lying in; and I suppose she will not come to the house Mr. Faulkland speaks of, till she can no longer remain undiscovered at home; so that a month or two hence



will be full soon enough for me to think of going to town.

I saw my mother rested her compliance with Mr. Faulkland's request, merely on one point; that of compassion to the girl. As for the other motive, said she, the hearing him justified from the *lady's own mouth*, I am not such a novice in those matters, but that I know when a deluding man has once got an ascendancy over a young creature, he can coax her into any thing. Too much truth I doubt there is in this observation of my mother's.

But it is time to say something of lady Grimston. My Cecilia has never seen her, though I believe she has often heard my mother speak of her. They are nearly of an age, and much of the same cast of thinking; though with this difference, that lady Grimston is extravagantly rigid in her notions, and precise in her manner. She has been a widow for many years, and lives upon a large jointure at Grimston-hall, with as much regularity and solemnity, as you would see in a monastery.



monastery. Her servants are all antediluvians: I believe her coach-horses are fifty years of age, and the very house-dog is as grey as a badger. She herself, who in her youth never *could* have been handsome, renders herself still a more unpleasing figure, by the oddity of her dress; you would take her for a lady of Charles the First's court at least. She is always dressed out: I believe she sleeps in her cloaths, for she comes down ruffled, and towered, and flounced, and fardingal'd, even to breakfast. My mother has a *very* high opinion of her, and says, she *knows more of the world* than any one of her acquaintance. It may be so; but it must be of the old world; for lady Grimston has not been ten miles from her seat these thirty years. 'Tis nine years since my mother and she met before, and there was a world of compliments passed between them; though I am sure they were sincerely glad to see each other, for they seem to be very fond. They were companions in youth, that season wherein the most durable friendships are contracted.

I believe her really a very good woman; she is pious and charitable, and does abundance of good things in her neighbourhood; though I cannot say I think her amiable. There is an austerity about her that keeps me in awe, notwithstanding that she is extremely obliging to me, and told my mother, I *promised to make a fine woman*. Think of such a compliment to one of almost nineteen. My mother and she call one another by their christian names; and you would smile to hear the two old ladies (begging their pardons) *Lettying* and *Dollying* one another. This accounts to me for lady Grimston's thinking me still a child; for I suppose she considers herself not much past girlhood, though to do her justice, she has not a scrap of it in her behaviour.

*August 10.*—All our motions here are as regular as the clock. The family rise at six; we are summoned to breakfast at eight; at ten a venerable congregation are assembled to prayers, which an ancient clergyman, who is curate of the  
the

the parish, and her ladyship's chaplain, gives us daily. Then the old horses are put to the old coach; and my lady, with her guests, if they chuse it, take an airing; always going and returning by the same road, and driving precisely to the same land-mark, and no farther. At half an hour after twelve, in a hall large enough to entertain a corporation, we sit down to dinner; my lady has a grace of a quarter of an hour long; and we are waited on by four truly venerable footmen, for she likes state. The afternoon we may dispose of as we please; at least it is a liberty I am indulged in; and I generally spend my time in the garden, or my own chamber, till I have notice given me of supper's being on the table, where we are treated with the same ceremonials as at dinner. At ten exactly, the instant the clock strikes the first stroke, my lady rises with great solemnity, and wishes us a good night.

*August 14.*—You cannot expect, in such a house as this is, my dear, that I  
can

can be furnished with materials to give you much variety. Indeed these four last days have been so exactly the same in every particular, excepting that the dishes at dinner and supper were changed, that I had resolved to hang up my pen till I quitted Grimston-hall, or at least resign it to Patty, and let her plod on and tell you how the wind blew such a day; what sort of a mantua lady Grimston had on such a day (though by the way it is always the same, always ash-coloured tiffue); what the great dog barked at, at such an hour, and what the old parrot said at such a time; the house and the garden I have exhausted my descriptive faculties on already, though they are neither of them worth describing; and I was beginning to despair of matter to furnish out a quarter of an hour's entertainment, when the scene began to brighten a little this auspicious day, by the arrival of a coach full of visitors. These were a venerable dean, who is the minister of our parish, his lady and daughter, and a Mr. Arnold, a gentleman who is a distant relation



tation of lady Grimston's. He has a house in this neighbourhood, and is just come to an estate by the death of his elder brother.

This visit has given me hopes that I may now-and-then have a chance for seeing a human face, besides the antiques of the family, and those which are depicted on the arras. Though not to disparage the people, they were all agreeable enough in their different ways. The old dean is good-humoured and polite; I mean the true politeness, that of the heart, which dictates the most obliging things in so frank a manner, that they have not the least appearance of flattery. Being very near-sighted, he put on a pair of spectacles to look at me, and turning to Mr. Arnold, with a vivacity that would have become five-and-twenty, he repeated,

‘ With an air and a face,

‘ And a shape and a grace, &c.’

The young man smiled his assent, and my mother looked so delighted, that the good-natured dean's compliment pleased me for her sake. Lady Grimston, who is  
pas-



passionately fond of musick, has a very pretty organ in one of her chambers; Mr. Arnold was requested to give us a lesson on it, which he very readily obliged us with. He plays ravishingly; the creature made me envious, he touched it so admirably. I had taken a sort of dislike to him when he first came in, I cannot tell you why or wherefore; but this accomplishment has reconciled me so to him, that I am half in love with him. I hope we shall see him often; he is really excellent on this instrument, and you know how fond I am of musick.

*August 15.*—This packet is already so large that I am sure it will frighten you. I will therefore send it off before I increase it; especially as I am now so much in the hum-drum way, that I ought, out of policy, to make a break in my narrative, in order to encourage you to read it. Positively, if things do not mend, and that considerably too—Patty shall keep the Journal; for I find myself already disposed to sleep over it.

*August*

*August 20.*—I have looked over what Patty has writ for the five last days; upon my word she is a very good journalist, as well as amanuensis; and she has given you, to the full, as good an account of matters and things as I could.

My time passes rather more tolerably than I expected. The dean's family seem to have broken the solitary *spell* that hung over the house, and we have company you see every day. Mr. Arnold never fails. I always make him play; he is very obliging, and, if he were not good natured, I should tire him.

*August 22.*—I have had a letter from Sir George; he mentions not Mr. Faulkland; I too am endeavouring to forget him. When my mother goes to London, I will try to prevail on her to let me go down to Sidney Castle. I have no inclination to go to town, and less to stay here. We are to have a concert to-morrow at Mr. Arnold's house. My lively good old dean touches the bass viol, his daughter

daughter sings prettily; I am to bear my part too; so that we begin to grow a little sociable.

*August 30.*—Are you not tired of my Grimston journal, my Cecilia? Day after day rolls on, and the same dull repetition! Lady Grimston, the Dean, and Mr. Arnold, perpetually! there is no bearing this, you cry. Well, but here is a new personage arrived to diversify the scene a little. Lady Grimston's daughter, a sweet woman; but her mother does not seem fond of her. It amazes me, for she is perfectly amiable, both in temper and person; she is a widow of about eight-and-twenty. Lady Grimston appears to treat her with a distance very unmaternal; and the poor young woman seems so humbled, that I pity her. She is come but on a visit, and we shall lose her in a week, for which I am very sorry, as I have taken a fancy to her.

*September 1.*—Poor Mrs. Vere! that is the name of lady Grimston's daughter.  
I can

I can now give you the cause of her mother's coldness to her; I had it from herself; she told me her little history this evening in the garden, with a frankness that charmed me.

How happy you are, dear Miss Bidulph! said she: you seem to be blessed with one of the tenderest of parents. I am indeed, I answered; she is one of the best of mothers, and the best of women. She sighed, and a tear started into her eye; I too was happy once, said she, when my indulgent father lived. I hope, madam, lady Grimston is to you, what my good mother is to me. She shook her head: No, Miss Bidulph, it must be but too obvious to you that she is not. I should not have introduced the subject, if the cold severity of her looks were not so apparent that you must have taken notice of them. My mother is, undoubtedly, a very good woman; and you may naturally suppose, that my conduct has been such as to deserve her frowns; I will therefore tell you my melancholy, though short, story. It is now about twelve years since Mr. Vere  
paid



paid his addresses to me. He was the eldest son of a gentleman of family and fortune, who then lived in this country. I was about sixteen, and the darling of my father; who was perhaps the more indulgent to me, as he knew my mother's severity. Mr. Vere was but two years older than myself, and a childish courtship had gone on for some time between us, before it was suspected by any body; and to say the truth, before I was well aware of the consequences myself. It happened, that an elderly gentleman of a great estate, just at that time saw and liked me, and directly made proposals to my mother, as she was very well known to hold the reins of government in her family.

This offer, I suppose, was advantageous; for she immediately consulted my father upon it, or rather gave him to understand that she meant to dispose of her daughter in marriage.

My father, who had no objection to the match, told her he was very well satisfied, provided I liked the gentleman; but said,

he



he hoped she would not think of putting any force on my inclinations. My eldest sister had been married sometime before by my mother's sole authority, and quite contrary to her own liking; the marriage had not turned out happily, and my father was resolved not to have me sacrificed in the same way.

My mother told him, she was sorry he had such romantic notions, as to think a girl of my age capable of having any ideas of preference for one man more than another; that she took it for granted I had never presumed to entertain a thought of any man as yet, and supposed her precepts had not been so far thrown away upon me, as that I could let it enter into my head that any thing but parental authority was to guide me in my choice.

My father, from the gentleness of his nature, had been so accustomed to acquiesce, that he made no other reply than to bid my mother use her discretion. He came directly to me notwithstanding, and told me what had passed. It was then, for the first time, that I discovered I loved  
Mr.

Mr. Vere. I burst into tears, and clinging round my father's neck, begged of him to save me from my mother's rigour. My gesture and words were too passionate for him not to perceive that there was something more at my heart than mere dislike of the old man. He charged me to deal sincerely. I loved him too well, and was myself too frank to do otherwise. In short, I confessed my inclination for Mr. Vere, and his affection for me.

Though my kind father chid me gently for admitting a lover without his or my mother's approbation, yet at the same time he told me, he would endeavour to dissuade her from prosecuting the other match; though he could wish, he said, I would try to bring myself to accept of it; adding, he was afraid my mother would be much incensed by a denial.

My mother was fond of grandeur; and would not like to have me marry any one, who not could at once make me mistress of a fine house, and a fine equipage; which I knew I must not expect to be the case with Mr. Vere. His father  
had

had several children, and was very frugal in his temper: besides, as he was but of the middle age, and of a very healthy constitution, his son's prospect of possessing the estate was, to all human appearance, at a very great distance.

These discouragements, however, did not hinder me from indulging my wishes. My father's tenderness was the foundation on which I built my hopes. I told Mr. Vere the designs of one parent, and the kind condescension of the other. Emboldened by this information, he ventured to disclose his love to my father, begging his interest with my mother in his favour. He had a great kindness for the youth, and was so fond of me, that he would readily have consented to my happiness, if the fear of disobliging my mother had not checked him. He represented to her in the mildest manner, the utter dislike I had expressed of the proposed match, and conjured her not to insist on it. My mother, unused to be controlled, was filled with resentment both against him and me; she said, he encouraged me in  
my

my disobedience; and that, if he did not unite his authority to hers, in order to compel me to marry the gentleman she approved of, it would make a total breach between them.

My good father, who loved my mother exceedingly, was alarmed at this menace. Unwilling to come to extremities either with her or me, he was at a loss how to act. His paternal love at length prevailed, and he determined, at all events, to save me from the violence which he knew would be put upon my heart.

My mother had never condescended to talk to me on the subject: she thought my immediate obedience ought to have followed the bare knowledge of her will. She forbid me her sight, and charged me never to appear before her, till I came with a determination to obey her.

However severe this prohibition was, I yielded to it with the less reluctance, as my father's tender love made me amends for my mother's harshness. Perhaps, had she vouchsafed to reason a little with me, temper-



tempering her arguments with a motherly kindness, she would have found me as flexible as she could wish; but the course she took had a very contrary effect. I thought myself persecuted, and that it was for the honour of my love to persevere. On the other hand, my father's secret indulgence encouraged me in the sentiments I entertained, and I now determined, not only to refuse my old lover, but to have my young one.

My mother had given me a stated time in which I was to come to a resolution, and if I did not, at the expiration of it, acquiesce, I was to be pronounced a reprobate, and to be no more considered as her child. In this emergency I had recourse to my father. I told him there was nothing which I was not ready to suffer, rather than marry the man I hated: my greatest affliction was the uneasiness I saw him endure on my account; for my mother reproached him daily with my obstinacy.

My father said, he thought the alternative offered by my mother, was to be avoided



avoided but in one way, and that was by marrying Mr. Vere: For, added he, when she finds you resolute in your refusal of her choice, not even my paternal authority will be able to screen you from her severity, and your life will be made miserable, without your father's being able to relieve you. On the other hand, when you are out of her house, she cannot distress you, nor prevent me from doing you the justice which I owe my child. Nay, possibly in time, I may be able to work out a reconciliation between you; but she must not know that I was consenting to this marriage, lest an irreconcilable quarrel should ensue. I fell at my father's feet, and embraced his knees, for this tender and unexpected proof of his affection.

Mr. Vere's father was no stranger to his son's attachment, and we were very sure he would readily come into the proposal which my father intended to make.

The two parents had a meeting secretly, where all the terms of portion and settlement were speedily and privately adjusted. Mr. Vere the father, who had been long  
intimate

intimate in our family, knew very well the necessity there was for keeping the secret. After this, my lover and I were to be married privately, without the knowledge, seemingly, of any one in either family, excepting one of the Miss Veres, who was to be present; and when the time of my probation was expired, my father was to let my mother into the knowledge of this affair, as a thing he had just discovered; and to pacify her anger as well as he could.

Every thing was conducted in the manner proposed. I was married with the utmost privacy, and continued in my father's house till the day arrived, when I was to give my definitive answer.

Unfortunately for me, my mother chose to receive it from my own mouth, and called me into her presence. I appeared before her trembling and terrified: I had not seen her for a fortnight, and I was in dread, lest the discovery I had to make, should banish me her sight perhaps for ever, unless my father might influence her in time to forgive me. She

asked me, with a stern brow, What I had resolved on? I had not courage to make her an answer, but burst into tears. She repeated her question; and I could only reply, Madam, it is not in my *power* to obey you. She did not comprehend the meaning of my words, but imputing them to obstinacy, commanded me to leave the room, and not to see her face till I came to a proper sense of my duty; at the same time ordering me into my chamber, where I was to be locked up.

I flew to my father, and conjured him to let my mother know the truth at once, that I might be no longer subject to such harsh treatment; for I knew the being sent home to my husband would be the consequence of her being told that I had one.

My poor father was almost afraid to undertake the task, though he had been the chief promoter of my marriage, and his authority ought to have given sanction to it. He ventured however to let her know, that I had confessed to him what my fears of her immediate resentment

would not suffer me to discover whilst I was in her presence; and what my aversion to the man she proposed to me, and the rigours I had been threatened with, if I refused him, had driven me to. The rage my mother flew into, was little short of phrenzy; and my father made haste to send me out of the house.

Mr. Vere's whole family received me with great tenderness; but I was sorry at leaving my father, whose visits to me were made but seldom, and even those by stealth.

My situation, though I was united to the man I loved, and carested by all his family, was far from being happy. My mother's inflexible temper was not to be wrought upon, notwithstanding my father did his utmost to prevail on her to see and to forgive me; and she carried her resentment so far, that she told my father, unless he cut me off intirely in his will, she was determined to separate herself totally from him. This was an extremity he by no means expected she would have gone to.



In a fit of sickness, which had seized him a few years before, he had left me ten thousand pounds ; five of this he had secretly transferred to Mr. Vere on the day of my marriage, and had promised him to bequeath me five more at his death.

In consequence of this disposition, he purposed making a new will, so that he the less scrupled giving my mother up the old one, with a promise of making another agreeable to her request.

My mother's jointure was already settled on her ; my eldest sister had received her portion ; so that there was little bequeathed by this testament, but my fortune, and a few other small legacies.

My mother tore the will with indignation, and not satisfied with my father's promise, insisted on his putting it into execution immediately. In short, his easy temper yielded to her importunities, and he had a will drawn up by her instructions, in which I was cut off with one shilling, and my intended fortune bequeathed to my eldest sister. My mother was made residuary legatee to every thing that



that should remain, after paying all the bequests. This would have amounted to a considerable sum, if the half of my portion, which was already paid without her knowledge, had not made such a diminution in the personal estate, that after paying my sister the whole of what was specified in the will, there was scarce any thing likely to remain.

Had my mother known this secret, she would not perhaps have been so ready to have made my father devise all my intended fortune to my sister. My father, who was aware of this, durst not however inform her at that juncture, how much she hurt herself by forcing him to such measures. She insisted upon his leaving the whole of what he designed for me to my eldest sister; as well to convince him, she said, that she had no self-interested views, as to be an example to other rebellious children.

My father had no remedy on these occasions, but a patient acquiescence: the will was made, and my mother herself would keep it.

My father took an opportunity the same day to inform me what he had done; but assured me, he would immediately make another will, agreeable to his first intentions, and leave it in the hands of a faithful friend.

This was his design; but alas he lived not to execute it! He was seized that night with a paralytic disorder, which at once deprived him of the use of his limbs and his speech. They who were about him believe he retained his senses, but he was not capable of making himself understood even by signs. Alarmed with this dismal account of my beloved father's situation, I flew to the house without considering my mother's displeasure; but I was not permitted to see him. I filled the house with my cries, but to no purpose; I had not the satisfaction of receiving even a farewell look from him, which was all he was capable of bestowing on me.

He languished for several days in this melancholy condition, and then, in spite of the aid of physic, expired.

The

The loss of this dear father so intirely took up my thoughts, that I never reflected on the loss of the remaining part of my fortune; but it was not so with my father-in-law. There had been a settlement made on me in consequence of the fortune promised; though not equal to what it demanded, yet superior to the half which was paid. He relied on my father's word for the remainder, and had no doubt of its being secured to him, knowing his circumstances, as well as his strict integrity, and that my sister had actually received the same fortune which I was promised.

Mr. Vere had four daughters, and it was on this fortune he chiefly depended to provide for them.

The news of my being cut off with a shilling exceedingly surprized and exasperated him. Unluckily I had not mentioned to him, nor even to my husband, the will which my father had been obliged to make. The assurances he gave me, of immediately making another in my favour, prevented me; as I thought it would

only be a very severe proof of my mother's enmity to the family, which I could have wished to conceal from them; especially as I did not imagine it would have affected me afterwards. Mr. Vere the elder was from home when my father died, and his business detained him for more than a month after his funeral was over. My husband, on this occasion, shewed the tender and disinterested love he bore me; he affected to make as light as possible of this unexpected disappointment, but at the same time expressed his uneasiness, lest his father should carry matters to an extremity with my mother, from whom he knew we were to expect nothing by mild methods.

It was now thought adviseable, that I should write to my mother, to condole with her on my father's death; again to intreat her forgiveness of my fault, and, as some mitigation of it, to acknowledge that it was not only with my father's privacy, but even with his consent and approbation, that I had married.

I wrote this letter in a strain of the utmost

most humility, without mentioning a word of my fortune; *that* I thought it would be time enough for me to do, if I could prevail on my mother to see me, and would at all events come better from my husband or his father, than from me. But I gained nothing by this, only some unkind reflections on my father's memory, and a message, that since he thought proper to marry his daughter in a manner so highly disagreeable to her mother, he should have taken care of providing for her; as he could not expect a parent, so disobliged as she had been, would take any notice of me.

My mother had been left sole executrix to my father's forced will; and she took care to put my sister, and the other legatees, into possession of what was bequeathed to them, in a very short time after his decease. She found there was an unexpected deficiency in his personal fortune, insomuch that there was barely enough to pay his debts; and that her being left the residue, after the specified legacies were paid, amounted to nothing. On the con-



trary, had my father's just intentions taken place, in leaving me five thousand pounds, she would have come in for the other five; but the whole ten thousand now went to my sister.

She was not long however at a loss to know how this came to pass. Mr. Vere determined to assert his own, and his son's right; and being exceedingly provoked at my mother's behaviour, wrote to her immediately on his return home; and having informed her of the settlement made on me, on account of the fortune already paid, and what was farther agreed on to be paid by my father, told her, he expected that this promise should be punctually fulfilled. He said, he knew she had it in her power to do this; and since it was by her contrivance I had been robbed of my just right, if honour, and the duty of a parent, would not induce her to make me proper amends, she must excuse him, if he made use of such means as the laws allowed him, in order to compel her.

Such a letter, to a woman of my mother's

ther's temper, met with such a reception as might be expected. She tore it before his messenger's face; and desired him to tell his master, that as what he had already obtained was by fraud, so he was at liberty to make use of force to recover the remainder; but, with her consent, he never should have a single shilling.

This exasperating reply made my father-in-law directly commence a suit against her, in which the other legatees were made parties. The distress I felt on this occasion is scarce to be imagined; the breach was now so widened between my mother and my husband's family, that there remained not the least hope of its ever being closed. Mr. Vere unwillingly joined with his father in pursuit of these measures. He would for my sake much rather have yielded up his expectations, than supported them at the expence of my quiet; but his father's will, and justice to the rest of his family, compelled him to proceed, and deprived me of any pretence for interposing.

The law-suit was carrying on with  
great

great acrimony on both sides, when an event happened, that made me then, and has indeed ever since, look with indifference on every thing in this life ; it was the death of my husband. He was snatched from me by a violent fever, before he reached his twentieth year.

I will not pretend to describe my sufferings to you on this sad occasion ; they were aggravated by my being near the time of lying-in.

Whatever affliction Mr. Vere felt for the death of his only son, it did not make him forgetful of what he owed his daughters ; and he was resolved to carry on the law-suit with the utmost vigour.

You may suppose the house wherein I had lost a beloved husband appeared a dismal place to me, especially in my present situation. I thought too, my father's looks began to grow colder to me than they used to be ; and I begged I might have his permission to remove for a while. He did not oppose it, and I went, at the pressing intreaties of your favourite, the good old dean, to his house ; where he and his

his lady behaved to me with more than parental tenderness. My health was in so declining a way, that this worthy man (as I have since learned) made several applications to my mother to see me, but without success. At length the hour of my delivery arrived, and I was brought to-bed of a dead female child. The estate, in case of Mr. Vere's dying without issue, devolved on his sisters; and I was in hopes this circumstance, so favourable to the young ladies, would have induced their father to have been less rigorous in persisting in his claim. But in this I was deceived; he loved money, and was besides full of resentment against my mother. I thought however of an expedient, which I flattered myself might work upon him; and by good fortune it succeeded.

Mr. Vere, though I had left his house, visited me constantly, and kept up a shew of tenderness, which I am sure he had not in his heart. I told him one day, whilst I was still confined to my bed, that as I had now lost both my husband and my



my child, a very moderate income would be sufficient for me; and that as I valued my mother's peace of mind, beyond any selfish consideration, I was very willing to give up half my jointure, provided he would drop his suit. Mr. Vere seemed surprized at the proposal: he said, he wondered I could be so blind to my own interest, and that all he was doing was purely for my sake. I thanked him for his pretended friendship, but assured him, he could serve me no way so effectually, as by coming into the measure I proposed. Mr. Vere said, I talked like a child; but he would consider of it. The following day he called on me again, and told me, that to make me easy he was willing to come into my proposal; that he would have the proper instruments drawn, by which I was to relinquish half my jointure; and he in consequence to give up all claim on my father's estate.

I was much better pleased at this losing agreement, than if I had acquired a large accession of fortune.

Mr. Vere soon got the proper deeds ready, and they were executed in form.

I now



I now relapsed into an illness, from which I was supposed to have been quite recovered, and my life was thought in great danger. I have since been told, that Mr. Vere repented his agreement at that juncture, and told some of his friends, that if he had not been so hasty, he should have had a chance for my jointure and my fortune too.

I begged of the dean to go to my mother, and use his last efforts on her, to prevail with her to see and forgive me, before I died; at the same time I sent her the release I had procured from Mr. Vere, which I knew was the most acceptable present I could make her. The dean urged the danger I was in, without its seeming to make much impression on her. I am willing to believe, that she thought the dean exaggerated in his account of my illness. He owned to me himself, that he was shocked to find her so obdurate. At length, he took the paper out of his pocket, and presenting it to her, I am sorry, madam, said he, I cannot prevail with you to act like a parent or a christian;  
your

your daughter I fear will not survive her present malady; but she will have the comfort to consider, that she has left nothing unattempted to obtain that forgiveness, which you so cruelly deny her. I hope, lady Grimston, your last hours may be as peaceful, as hers I trust will be from this reflection. There, madam—she has by that instrument left you disengaged from a troublesome and vexatious lawsuit, that would, if pursued, infallibly turn out to your disadvantage; it was all she *could* do, and what few children, used like her, *would* have done.

My mother, a good deal alarmed at the dean's manner of speaking, now examined the contents of the paper. She seemed affected, and called him back, as he was just leaving the room. She told him, she was not lost to the feelings of nature; and that if he thought her presence would contribute to ease my mind of the remorse it must needs labour under, she was not against seeing me.

The good man, glad to find her in this yielding disposition, told her she could  
not

not too soon execute her intention; and pressed her to come to his house directly. She suffered him to put her into his coach, and he carried her home with him. The interview, on my side, was attended with tears of joy, tenderness, and contrition. My mother did not depart from her usual austerity; she gave me but her hand to kiss, and pronounced her forgiveness and her blessing in so languid a manner, as greatly damped the fervor of my joy.

She staid with me not more than a quarter of an hour, and having talked of indifferent things, without once so much as mentioning what I had done, she took a cold and formal leave.

This interview, as little cordial as my mother's behaviour was to me, had so good an effect on me, that I began perceptibly to mend from that hour. She sent indeed constantly to inquire how I did; but avoided coming, lest, as she said, she should meet with Mr. Vere, whom she could never forgive. As soon as I was in a condition to go abroad, I went to pay

pay my duty to her. She received me with civility, but no tenderness; nor has she ever from that time made me the least recompence for what I have lost; her permitting me to see her, she thinks sufficient amends.

I did not choose to return to Mr. Vere's house, as I had only a polite, not a kind invitation. One of his daughters, she who had been present at my marriage, and who always had shewn most affection towards me, was about this time married to a gentleman, whose estate lay in another county. When the bride went home, she pressed me to go with her so warmly, that I could not refuse her; and during the time I staid with her, I received so many marks of tenderness from her, that I resolved to settle in her neighbourhood; and have now a little house near her, where I have resided constantly ever since. I come once or twice a year to pay a visit to my mother; but my reception, as you may see, is always cold, and I seldom stay more than a few days.

Old Mr. Vere is dead; and his daughters,



ters, who were coheiresses to his estate, are all married, so that the family is intirely disperied; but notwithstanding this, and the number of years that have passed over since my marriage, my mother cannot yet endure the name of the family: and always, as you may have observed, calls me by my maiden name.

I was much affected at the story of the amiable Mrs. Vere. The sweet melancholy, which predominates in her countenance, shews that the spirits, when broken in the bud of youth, are hardly to be recovered. What a tyrant this lady Grimston is! I did not admire her before, but I now absolutely dislike her. What a wife and a mother has she been to a husband and a daughter, who might have constituted the happiness of a woman of a different temper! And yet she passes for a wonderful good woman, and a pattern of all those virtues of a religion which meekness and forgiveness characterise. She is mistaken, if she thinks that austerity is necessary to christianity. The most that my charity allows me to believe of  
such



such people is, that they impose on *themselves*, at a time when the most discerning perhaps think that they are endeavouring to impose on others.

What an angel is my good mother, when compared to this her friend, whom her humility makes her look upon as her superior in virtue! I am very angry with Sir George, who in his resentment, said to me once, that she was like lady Grimston. I then knew but little of that lady's character, or I should have re-proved him for it.

I conjured Mrs. Vere to make her visit longer than she had at first intended. She told me, she would most gladly do it; but that it was a liberty she did not dare to take, unless her mother asked her to prolong it; which, she said, she possibly might do in complaisance to me.

September 4. — My mother I find has made lady Grimston her confidant in relation to my affairs; the dear woman never keeps her mind to herself on any subject. Lady Grimston highly applauds her conduct

duct in that business; and bestowed a few civil words on me for my filial duty, intermixed with an ungrateful comparison of her own daughter's behaviour. And she condoled with herself, by saying that *good parents* had not always *good children*. She told my mother, that she wished to see the child (meaning me) happily disposed of; for that, notwithstanding the prudence of my behaviour, the world would be apt to cast reflections on me, on account of the abruptness with which the match was broken off, without the true reasons being known: and my illness, she said, might be imputed to the disappointment; which might incline people to suspect the rejection had been on Mr. Faulkland's side. What a provoking hint was this, my dear! it has really alarmed my mother, who depends much on the judgment of her friend, and has at the same time so nice a regard to the honour of her family—I wish that formal old woman would mind her own business.

September 6. — My mother and lady Grim-

Grimston have had abundance of private confabulation these two days, from which Mrs. Vere and I are excluded. I wish there may not be some mischief a Brewing. One thing, however has given me pleasure; lady Grimston has invited her daughter to stay at Grimston-hall as long as my mother and I continue here.

Mrs. Vere tells me, she suspects the subject of their conferences; but she is perverse, and will not tell me what she thinks, for fear, as she says, she should have guessed wrong, and her surmises would only teaze me.

September 10. — A packet sent me from London — A letter from Sir George — one from my Cecilia — and so soon too! Welcome, welcome, thou faithful messenger from the faithfulst of hearts!

Thou dear anticipating little prophetess! What put it into thy head to call Mr. Arnold a new conquest, upon my but barely mentioning him to you? I was just going to tell you all; and behold your own whimsical imagination has suggested the most material part to you already.

ready. You desire me to be sincere: was that necessary, my sister, from *you to me*? You say, you are *sure Mr. Arnold is, or will be my lover*; and insist on my being more particular in my description of him. What a strange girl you are! Again I ask you, What put this into your head? What busy little spirit of intelligence flew to you with this news before I knew it myself? For as to the fact, it is but too certain.

This has been the subject of my mother's and lady Grimston's private conferences; and Mrs. Vere (fly thing as she is) guessed it. It seems Mr. Arnold disclosed his passion to lady Grimston, in order to ask her advice about it. She loves mightily to be consulted; and, ill-starred • as I am, did me the honour to recommend me strongly to him; and she has prepossessed my mother too in favour of this new man. I wish the meddling old dame had been dumb. Now shall I go through another fiery trial! Heaven help me, if lady Grimston were to be my judge! But my mother is all goodness.

Well,



Well, but you want a description of this man. I will give it to you, though I have scarce patience to write about him. Indeed, Cecilia, I am vexed; I foresee a great deal of trouble from that quarter.— But come, I will try what I can say.

The man is about thirty, genteel, and handsome enough; at least he is reckoned so, and I believe I should think him so, if I were not angry with him. He is very like your brother Henry; and you know he is an allowed handsome man. He seems to have plain good sense, and is good-humoured I believe: I do not know of what colour his eyes are, for I never looked much at him. Lady Grimston says he is a *scholar* (a thing she pretends to value highly) and a mighty sober, pious, worthy gentleman. He is of a very good family; and has an estate of about fifteen hundred pounds a year, upon which there is a jointure of three hundred pounds a year, paid to his brother's widow. Part of the estate is in Kent, and part in this county of Essex, where he has a mansion-house, a well-enough looking



looking old-fashioned place, something in the Grimston-hall stile, at about a mile distance from this; where he passes most of his time.

I have told you already, he plays divinely on several instruments; this is the only circumstance about him that pleases me.

He has not yet made his addresses to me in form; yet we all know that he intends it, from his uncommon assiduity towards me; but he has a sort of reserve about him, and loves to do every thing in his own way.

Bless me!—here he is—his chariot has just driven into the court; and Mrs. Vere peeps in upon me, and with a most vexatious archness, bids me come down to the parlour; but I will not, unless my mother desires me. I will go into the garden, to be for a while out of the way.

*September 11.* — Yesterday evening was productive of nothing but looks and compliments, and bows, and so forth; except two or three delightful pieces of  
 VOL. I. I musick,

musick, which he executed incomparably. But this morning, my Cecilia! Oh, this morning! the man spoke out, told me in downright plain English, that he loved me! How insipid is such a declaration, when it comes from one who is indifferent to us! I do not know how it was, but instead of being abashed, I could have smiled in his face when he declared himself; but you may be sure I did not; that would not have been pretty.

I was sitting in the little drawing-room, reading, when he came in. To be sure he was sent to me by the ancient ladies, otherwise he would not have intruded; for the man is not ill-bred. The book happened to be Horace; upon his entering the room, I laid it by; he asked me politely enough, what were my studies. When I named the author, he took the book up, and opening the leaves, started, and looked me full in the face; I coloured. My charming Miss Bidulph, said he, do you prefer this to the agreeable entertainment of finishing this beautiful rose here, that seems to blush at your neglect

glect of it? He spoke this, pointing to a little piece of embroidery that lay in a frame before me. I was nettled at the question; it was too assuming. Sir, I hope I was as innocently, and as usefully employed; and I assure you, I give a greater portion of my time to my needle, than to my book.

You are so lovely, madam, that nothing you can do needs an apology. An apology, I'll assure you! did not this look, my dear, as if the man thought I ought to beg his pardon for understanding Latin? For this accidental, and I think (to a woman) trivial accomplishment, I am indebted, you know, to Sir George, who took so much pains with me the two or three summers he was indisposed at Sidney Castle.

He then proceeded to tell me how much he admired, how much he loved me! and that having been encouraged by lady Grimston's assuring him that I was disengaged (observe that) he presumed to tell me so. Oh, thought I, perhaps thou art thyself a Grimstonian,

and do not think it necessary that the heart should be consulted. I answered him mighty civilly, and mighty little to the purpose. Sir, I thank you for your favourable sentiments—Lady Grimston does me a great deal of honour—I think myself happy in her good opinion—But he was not to be so put off, he pressed me to give him hopes, as he called it. Alas! I have no hopes to give him. He said, he would not presume to mention his love to my mother, though lady Grimston pressed him to it (it was like her) till he had first declared himself to me. This was not indelicate; my heart thanked him for it, though I only returned him a bow. We were seasonably (to me, at least) interrupted here, by the arrival of my friend the dean. He had come to see lady Grimston, just as Mr. Arnold had entered into conversation with me; the old gentleman had a mind to walk in the garden; the little drawing-room, where we were, opened into it by a glass door; so that lady Grimston and my mother were obliged to bring him that way.

Though

Though I was glad that the conversation was broke off, yet I could have wished that I had first had an opportunity of throwing a little cold water on Mr. Arnold's *hopes*, lest he should have put too favourable an interpretation on the reception I gave him, and mention the thing to my mother, before I had time to speak to her.

I was in some confusion at their entering the room. Mr. Arnold had at that minute laid hold of one of my hands, and I had but just time to withdraw it, when the door flew open to give entrance to the two ladies and the good man: the latter lifting up both his hands, as if conscious of having done something wrong, with a good-humoured freedom, asked pardon; but with a look that seemed to indicate, he thought the apology necessary both to Mr. Arnold and me. This disconcerted me more; my mother smiled, and lady Grimston drew up her long neck, and winked at the dean. I took up my hat, that lay in a window, without well-knowing what I did, and said, I would wait on



them into the garden. Mr. Arnold followed my example ; but looked at me, I do not know how—impertinently—as if he thought I did not dislike him. I took one turn with them, and then slipped away under pretence of going in to dress. I ran directly into Mrs. Vere's room, and told her what had passed between Mr. Arnold and me. She laughed, and said, she could have told me long ago it would have come to that. I knew Mr. Arnold admired you, said she, the first time I saw you in his company ; he is no contemptible conquest I can tell you. He assured my mother, that you were the only woman he ever saw in his life that had made an impression on him ; and I am inclined to believe him, for he is not a man of an amorous complexion ; nor did I ever hear of his making his addresses to any one, though he might have his choice of the best fortunes, and the best families in the county ; for the ladies, I must inform you, admire him exceedingly ; and when you are known to be his choice, you will be the envy of all the young women

women in the county. I sighed (I don't know why) and said, I desired not to create envy on that account. Mrs. Vere said, why really, Miss Bidulph, if your heart is at liberty, I know of no man more worthy of it than Mr. Arnold; but perhaps (looking with a kind earnestness on me) that may not be your case. I told her my heart was not engaged (as it really is not; for indeed, Cecilia, I do not think of Mr. Faulkland); but that I did not find in myself any great inclination towards Mr. Arnold. Oh, my dear, said she, if you find no disinclination, it is enough. I married for love, yet I was far from being happy. The vexation that I occasioned in my own and my husband's family, was a counter-balance to the satisfaction of possessing the man I loved. Mr. Arnold, besides being very amiable in his person, has good sense and good temper; and if you marry him with nothing more than indifference, gratitude will soon produce love, in such a breast as yours. Were there any thing like aver-

sion in your heart, then indeed it would be criminal in you to accept of him.

Mrs. Vere delivered her sentiments with such a calm sweetness, such a disinterested sincerity, that what she said made an impression on me. We are apt, contrary as it may seem to reason, to be more wrought upon by the opinion and advice of young people like ourselves, than by that of persons whose experience certainly gives them a better right to form judgments: but we have a sort of a natural repugnance to the being dictated to, even by those who have an authority to do it; and as age gives a superiority, every thing that comes from it carries a sort of air of prescribing, which we are wonderfully inclined to reject.

Had lady Grimston said this to me, it would have put me upon my guard, as suspecting a design on my liberty of choice. Even my good mother might have been listened to on this subject not without uneasiness; though my duty to her would not suffer me to give her a moment's pain, unless I was sure that my eternal as well as temporal happiness was at stake.

I told

I told Mrs. Vere that I had no aversion to Mr. Arnold; on the contrary, that if I had a sister, I should wish her married to him. Now, my Cecilia, the mischief of it is, there *can* be no reasonable objection made to him: he is a very tolerable man; but I knew a man once that I liked better——but fie, fie upon him! I am sure I ought not to like him, and therefore I will not. I am positive, if I were let alone, I should be as happy as ever.

I told you I got a letter from my brother; he says in it, he has had one from Mr. Faulkland, who is now in your part of the world. He tells Sir George, that ‘that if my lady Bidulph will be so good as to see Miss B. and converse with her, he is not without hopes that she may so far exculpate him, as to induce my lady to repeal his sentence of banishment.’ Sir George adds his own wishes for this, but says (to give you *his* words) he fears the wench will not be honest enough to do Faulkland justice——Justice! what can my brother mean by this? How ungenerous these men are, even the best of

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them,

them, in love matters! He knows the poor girl doats on her destroyer, and might perhaps take shame to *herself*, rather than throw as much blame on him as he deserves. I think this is all the justice that can be expected from her; and how poor an extenuation would this make of his guilt! It would only add to the merit of *her* sufferings, without lessening his fault.

To what purpose then would it be? I know my mother's sentiments already on that head. I would not shew Sir George's letter to her, he had said so many ridiculous things about lady Grimston in it, which I know would have offended her highly; otherwise, on account of Mr. Faulkland's paragraph, I should have been glad she had seen it.

September 12.—Ah, my sister! my friend! What shall I do? Oh that officious lady Grimston—What ill star drove me to her house? Nothing would serve her but she must know what Mr. Arnold said to me in the drawing-room  
con-



conference; and how I had behaved. She made her inquiry before my mother and the dean, after I had left them in the garden. What could the man do? He had no reason to conceal what passed, and frankly owned he had made me an offer of his heart. Well, and how did miss receive it; asked lady Grimston? With that modesty and polite sweetness that she does every thing, answered Mr. Arnold. He could say no less, you know.

He thence took occasion to apply particularly to my mother, apologizing at the same time for his not having done it before. What the self-sufficient creature added, I know not; for my mother, from whom I had this account, did not repeat all he said; but it seems it was enough to make her imagine I had not heard him reluctantly, and accordingly she gave him her permission to win me and wear me.

I could cry for very vexation to be made such a puppet of. This eclairsissement I dreaded before I had time to explain myself to my mother. The best of women,

women, still anticipating what I had to say, congratulated me on my extraordinary prudence, in not letting a childish, misplaced attachment keep such a hold on my heart, as to make me blind to the merits of a more deserving object.

Dear madam, said I, sure Mr. Arnold did not say, that I had encouraged his addresses. Encouraged, my dear! why sure the hearing, from a young lady of your education, is encouragement enough to a man of sense.—I heard him with complaisance, madam, because I thought *that* due to him; but I had not time to tell him, that it was my wish to remain single, at least for some time. My mother looked surprized. “Sidney, this is not what I expected from you; I flattered myself you thought no longer of Mr. Faulkland.”

She contracted her brow a little. Madam, I do not; indeed I think no more of him; but may I not be permitted to continue as I am?

Had you never had any engagement with Mr. Faulkland, answered my mother,  
I should

I should be far from urging you on this occasion; but, circumstanced as you now are, I think your honour is concerned.

Lady Grimston has put your affair in such a light to me, as I never considered it in before. How mortifying must the reflection be, my dear, to think that it may be said Mr. Faulkland perhaps flew off, from some disadvantageous circumstance he discovered in regard to you. The world wants not envious malicious tongues enough to give it this turn. Your unlucky illness, and your brother's ill-timed assiduity in going so often to him when he was at Richmond, looks as if we had been endeavouring to recal him. Every body knows the marriage was almost concluded; and lady Grimston, though she thinks our reasons for breaking it off were extremely cogent, yet as she knows the world well, thinks it has not virtue enough to believe those to be the true reasons, and that it will be much more apt to put an invidious construction on the affair, that may be very detrimental to you in your future prospects. These  
con-

considerations alone ought to determine you; but there is one still of greater moment, which I hope, from the goodness of your heart, will have still greater weight with you. That unfortunate young lady, who *ought* to be the wife of Mr. Faulkland if you were once put beyond the reach even of his most distant hope, would stand the better chance for having justice done to her; at least it would leave him void of that pretence which he at first pleaded, and which probably he will continue to do, while you remain single. Think seriously of the matter, my love. I shall only add, that Mr. Arnold is every way an unexceptionable match, and that your acceptance of him will be extremely agreeable to me; as, on the contrary, your refusal will give an uneasiness to your indulgent mother, which she never yet experienced from you.

She left me with these cruel words; cruel in their kindness—Oh! she knows I am flexible by nature, and to *her* will yielding as air. What can I do? My  
heart



heart is not in a disposition to love.—Yet, again and again I repeat it, Mr. Faulkland has no interest there. What he once had he has lost; but I cannot compel it to like and unlike, and like anew at pleasure. Fain would I bring myself cheerfully to conform to my mother's will, for I have no will of my own. I never knew what it was to have one, and never shall, I believe; for I am sure I will not contend with a husband.

I have told Mrs. Vere what my mother said to me; she is intirely of her mind; every body is combined against me; I am treated like a baby, that knows not what is fit for it to choose or to reject.

*September 15.*—I have been searching my heart, my dear Cecilia, to try if there remained a lurking particle of my former flame unextinguished; a flame I call it, as we are allowed the metaphor; but it never rose to *that*; it was but a single ray, a gentle glow that just warmed my breast without scorching: what it might have arisen to, I will not say; but



I have the satisfaction to find, that the short-lived fire is quite extinct, and the mansion is even chilled with cold.

○ This was a very necessary scrutiny before I would even entertain a thought of Mr. Arnold; and believe me, had I found it otherwise than I say, I would rather have hazarded my mother's displeasure by owning the truth to her, than injure any man, by giving him my hand with an estranged heart.

○ I will acknowlege to you, my sister, that it was not without a struggle I reduced my mind to this frame. My heart (foolish thing!) industrious to perplex itself, would fain have suggested some palliating circumstances in Mr. Faulkland's favour; but I forbid it to interpose. Trifler, said I, let your guardian, your proper guide, judge and determine for you in this important cause, whereon so much of your future peace depends. It sighed, but had the virtue to submit; and I arraigned Faulkland before a little tribunal in my breast, where I would suffer reason only to preside. The little felon,  
love,

love, knocked at the door once or twice, but justice kept him out; and after a long (and I think a fair) trial, he was at length cast; and in order to strengthen my resolves, and justify my mother's, as well as my own conduct, these are the arguments which I have deduced from the evidences against him.

If Mr. Faulkland feared the frailty of his virtue, why did he not fly when he was first alarmed with the knowledge of the lady's passion for him? If not for his own sake, yet at least for her's. If he could not return her love, was he not cruel in suffering her to feed a hopeless flame? But since his evil fate urged him on, and the unhappy girl lost her honour, was he not bound to repair it? He had never seen me at that time, was under no personal engagements to me, and might easily have acquitted himself to my brother, from so justifiable a motive.

What if I had married him, ignorant of this secret, and it had afterwards come to my ears, how miserable would it have made me, to think that I had stood between

tween an unfortunate young creature and her happiness? For had Mr. Faulkland never heard of me, had he not been prejudiced in my favour, this young woman's beauty and innocence (which he acknowledges) might have then engaged his honest vows; the wicked aunt would not have been tempted to betray her trust, nor he (shocking thought! whenever it recurs) to buy that favour he might have obtained on virtuous terms. His prior engagements to my brother was the fatal plea that undid them both! Had he not been furnished with this excuse, her hopes might have supported her virtue; or, if ignorant of this, she fell, what pretence could he offer, after the injury *was* done, for not fulfilling an obligation of so much more importance? I could not have suffered by not obtaining a man I never saw; Miss B. is undone by losing him: Yet his word to Sir George, the breach of which could have been attended with no ill consequence, was to be preferred to an act of justice. This is that false honour upon which the men pique themselves so much.

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An innocent child stigmatized; an amiable woman abandoned to shame and grief! I thank heaven I made not myself accessory to this. *Had* I married Mr. Faulkland, *knowing* his fault, I could not say so, nor have blamed any thing but my own imprudence, if *I* in my turn found myself deserted. Who knows but he might (after having bound me in chains) return to his neglected mistress; and *that* love, which, when it would have been meritorious in him, he disrelished, he might have pursued with eagerness when interdicted. This might have been the case. I believe you may remember an instance of it among our own acquaintance. Mr. Saunders, who refused a young lady for his bride, from an absolute dislike of her person, took uncommon pains to debauch her when she became the wife of his friend. Had Mr. Faulkland so behaved, what a wretch would it have made me! You know I have not a grain of jealousy in my composition, yet I am sure a neglect of this kind would make me very miserable.

You



You have not forgot, I believe, that about two years ago there was a match proposed to my mother by the bishop of B. between me and his nephew. The young man was heir to a good fortune, was reckoned handsome and accomplished, and I think he really was so: I was intirely free from prepossessions in favour of any one, and had no objection to him, but that I knew he had a most lamentably-vulnerable heart, for he had been in love with two or three women of my acquaintance. My mother mentioned him to me upon the good old prelate's recommendation, and I gave her this as my reason for disliking the offer, which she approved of so intirely, that the thing went no farther. Indeed I think that woman is a fool who risques her contentment with one of a light disposition. Marriage will not change mens natures; and it is not every one who has virtue or prudence enough to be reclaimed. Upon the whole, I am satisfied with my lot; and am sure I could hear with pleasure, that Mr. Faulkland was married to that Miss B.

I wish



I wish I knew the other letters that compose her name.

*September 16.*—My mother asked me to-day, Had I considered of what she had been saying to me? I told her I had, and only begged a little more time. She kissed me with tears in her eyes. To be sure, my dear, as much as you can reasonably desire. I know my Sidney is above trifling. Mrs. Vere was present when my mother left the room. Oh, Miss Bidulph, said she, who would refuse to gratify such a parent as that? Had *my* mother condescended to treat me so, I am sure she could have wrought on me to do any thing she liked, even though it had been repugnant to my inclination. Dear madam, I replied, how sweetly you enforce my duty—Yes, I will obey that kindest, best of mothers. I believe I spoke this, tho' without intending it, in a tone that implied something like making a merit of this concession; for Mrs. Vere immediately answered, There's a good child! that, to oblige its mamma, will accept  
of

of a very handsome young gentleman, with a good estate, and one that many a girl in England would give her eyes for. I felt the rebuke; but turning it off with a smile, said, but you forget, my dear, that I am not dying for him.

*September 20.*—How will you plume yourself on your sagacity, Cecilia, when you read this account of my love, which you so wisely foretold? I can tell you I am trying to like Mr. Arnold as fast as I can; I make him sing and play for this purpose from morning till night, for he is here every day, and all day. Lady Grimston holds her head a quarter of a yard higher than she did before; and looks, as who should say, it was *I* that brought this about. The dean is as frolick as May-day upon it; for he is very fond of Mr. Arnold; but tells him he will not forgive him for robbing him of his second wife; for such he says he intended me. I think his daughter (a pretty girl of about seventeen) looks a little grave of late. I hope she does not like  
Mr.

Mr. Arnold herself. I wish my mother would take it into her head that she was in love with him, and that Mr. Arnold had promised to marry her; then should I a second time crown me with a willow garland. But there is no fear of this, or rather no hope.

Lady Grimston has given my mother *such* a character of Mr. Arnold, that if you will take her word for it, there is not a man like him in the world; and my mother firmly believes every syllable she says. She told me to-day she would write to Sir George, to give him an account of the matter, and desire his advice. This is a compliment she would not omit paying for any consideration, tho' I know my brother's judgment has now lost all credit with her; and that, let his opinion be what it will, she is firmly resolved on her new plan. Knowing as you do my mother's firmness when once she is possessed with a thing, you will not wonder that I did not make attempts to alter her mind, which I knew would be fruitless. She likes Mr. Arnold prodigiously; she  
piques

piques herself on her skill in physiognomy, and says, if she is deceived in this gentleman, she will never again rely on that science. Lady Grimston is so fond of him, that I wonder she did not marry him herself.

September 23.——We have received two letters from Sir George; one in answer to my mother's, the other to me. I will give them both to you: the following is a copy of that to my mother.

Madam,

I thank you for the honour you do me in asking my advice, in regard to the proposal of marriage you have received for my sister; but I am intirely disqualified from giving you any, as I am an absolute stranger both to the person and character of the gentleman you mention; and know no more of him, than that I have heard there is such a person, who has some estate in the county where you now are.

As you are absolute mistress of your daughter's will, as well as of her person,  
I shall

I shall not presume to interfere in this nice point. . If the marriage is not *already* agreed upon (which may be the case, notwithstanding the compliment you do me the favour to pay me) I think it would be generous in you to see Miss B. and hear what she has to say, before you proceed farther ; but in this, as in every thing else, your own discretion must guide you.

I am, madam,

Your affectionate son,

and most obedient servant,

London,

GEORGE BIDULPH.

Sept. 22.

My mother was exceedingly displeased with this letter. She said Sir George had a haughtiness in him that was very offensive to her. I have acquitted myself in applying to him, and shall give myself no farther trouble about him or his opinion. As for Miss B. I think she can hardly be under a necessity of coming to town as yet, and that affair may keep cold, for I have but little curiosity to hear

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what



what the poor soul may be prompted to say, as I am sure I shall be time enough to afford her any assistance she may stand in need of. This was the whole of her observation. My brother's letter to me is as follows :

Dear Sidney,

I received with concern (though I own not with surprize) an account from my mother of a new treaty of marriage that is on foot between you and a Mr. Arnold, of whom I know nothing. Instead of congratulating you on this occasion, I cannot help condoling with you; for I have a better opinion of your heart than to suppose it can have so soon renounced poor Faulkland. I do not reproach you for your acquiescence in giving him up: I *know* you could not do otherwise; but why in the name of precipitancy are you to be hurried into wedlock already? You went into the country to recover your health, I thought; prithee, how comes this new husband into your way? I know, child, it is not of your seeking, and do from my heart pity you.

I would

I would by no means have you guilty of a breach of duty to our mother: but for heaven's sake, why don't you try your influence over her, to have this sudden scheme of matrimony suspended, till she sees and talks to this girl that Faulkland refers her to? If the wench owns that he was not to blame so much as she herself was, and relinquishes all pretensions to him, don't you think she (my mother I mean) would in that case remain bound in honour to yield you to his prior claim?

Indeed, Sidney, I must blame you for this part of your conduct; it looks like a strange insensibility in you.

I know you will urge your perfect submission to your mother's will; -and I know too, that *will* is as absolute as that of an Eastern monarch. I therefore repeat it, I do not mean to reproach you with your compliance, but I am vexed to the heart, and must give it vent.

I see plainly that old piece of formality, lady Grimston's infernal shrivelled paw in all this. For my mother of herself,

I am sure, would not have thought of disposing of you, without your liking, so soon after an affair that had created you so much uneasiness, unless it had been suggested to her by somebody. Prithee tell me what sort of a man this Arnold really is, for I do not depend on the partial representations I have had of him.

I wish Miss B. were come to town, but she is not yet arrived. I inquired for her of Faulkland's housekeeper, by the name of Jefferis. The woman is at the house at Putney waiting to receive her, but does not know how soon she will come. Would she had been buried before Faulkland saw her!

I shall expect a letter from you soon. How comes it that you never mentioned Mr. Arnold to me in any that you have writ? But I excuse you, and am

Your affectionate brother,

*London, Sept. 22.*

G. B.

You see this is Sir George himself, my dear; a mixture of petulancy and indelicacy. There is one thing in him, however,

ever, commendable; his steady adherence to his friend's interests. You find how impossible for me it is to shew such a letter to my mother: by his strange unguarded manner of writing, which he does not consider, he defeats his own purposes; for if any use could be made of that part of his letter relative to Miss B. I could not shew my mother part, without letting her see the whole: but that is not to be done; and I can only thank my good fortune that I received this, and the last letter from him, without her knowlege.

I will now give you my answer to this letter, which I wrote by the return of the post.

Dear Brother,

I thank you for your condolences, but can assure you my heart is not in such a situation as to require any. I own I had all the esteem for Mr. Faulkland which I thought his merit deserved. Duty to my good mother, and an undeniable blemish in his character, first wrought a change in my sentiments towards him:

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my own peace of mind now requires me to improve that change into indifference.

You do me justice in supposing that I should never think of seeking a husband; and you have formed as right a judgment in regard to lady Grimston's being the promoter of this union. As for Mr. Arnold, though perhaps (had I never known your friend) he might not have been the man of my choice, yet have I no dislike to him. I believe him to be a very worthy gentleman; and that my mother has not been partial in her representations. I am sure, at least, she has said nothing of him but what she has seen or been told, and has good reason to believe.

I wish, dear brother, you had writ with more caution, that I might have laid before my mother what you said in relation to Miss B. It may have its weight with me, though I cannot answer for its having any with her. Do you forget her having told me, that she conceived a sort of horror at the thoughts of my marrying Mr. Faulkland? She cannot but be sensible,



sensible, that Miss B. is not without her share of blame in that affair which has so perplexed us all. But you know too that does not exculpate Mr. Faulkland. The young lady's relinquishing her hopes (for a claim I think she does not make) would only the more excite my mother's compassion, and interest her in her favour. To sum up the whole in one word, my mother is resolved, and you yourself acknowledge that her will is absolute. She has used the most irresistible argument to obtain my consent, *viz*, that it would make *her* happy. Spare then, my dear brother, unkind reflections on any part of my behaviour; for I am determined to pursue, through life, that rule of conduct which I have hitherto invariably adhered to; I mean, that of preferring to my own the happiness of those who are most dear to me.

I am, &c.

September 25.—Mr. Arnold has so many advocates here, that his interest cannot fail of being promoted. Mrs. Vere

admires him; the Dean commends him; my mother praises him; lady Grimston extols him to the skies. No one is silent, but the young girl that I mentioned to you before; she only colours and hangs down her head when he is spoken of. I really begin to fear that the poor thing loves him; but he never made any addresses to her, and I hope does not suspect it.

Things are now gone so far, that my mother and lady Grimston talked to-day of settlements. Mr. Arnold receives but twelve hundred pounds a year from his estate; his brother's widow, as I have already told you, having a jointure upon it of three hundred pounds a year. She lives intirely in London, and is, I am told, a very imprudent woman, and not at all esteemed by the family. The elder Mr. Arnold and she were married several years, but never had a child; the last two years of his life his wife and he lived separate, her conduct having given room for some suspicions very injurious to her husband's honour.

The

The Arnold estate was originally a very considerable one, but has been dissipated by the extravagance of the successive possessors. What remains, however, is quite clear, and is likely to be kept so by the good management of the present owner. His late brother was exceedingly remiss in his affairs, and spent most of his time in London; and if it had not been for Mr. Arnold, the mansion-house would have fallen to the ground; but his brother lent it to him, and he kept it in repair for his own use, as he is fond of the place: though he has a pretty house in Kent, belonging to another estate of about three hundred pounds a year, which came to him by his mother, for he is the son of a second marriage. And this, till his brother's death, was the whole of his income; but he is so good an œconomist, that he always made a genteeller figure on his three hundred pounds a year, than his brother did on twelve.

My mother, who you know is integrity itself, thinks that I ought not to have more settled on me than the widow of Mr.

Arnold's brother had, whose fortune was superior to mine. Mr. Arnold makes a much handsomer proposal; lady Grimston is for laying hold of it. The dean was for striking a medium. I do not care how they settle it; but I fancy my mother will have her own way in this.

She proposes going to town next week, that the wedding——(bless me! whose wedding is it that I am talking of so coolly?) well—tho' it may be celebrated in her own house. This to be sure will send Sir George directly out of it. I cannot help it; I am born to give, and to receive vexation.

Mr. Arnold speaks of taking a house in London, where my mother is to have an apartment whenever she chooses to be in town. This is a pleasing circumstance to me; and she likewise proposes our being sometimes with her at Sidney Castle. That is a prospect which loses much of its charms, by the reflection that my dear Cecilia is not there.

*October* 1.—All preliminaries are settled. There has been a fuss with parch-

ments this week past. My mother has carried her point in regard to the jointure; and has made choice of that little estate in Kent to be settled on me, as it is a complete three hundred pounds a year, detached intirely from the rest, and has a pretty house on it. This was all she would accept of, though, to do Mr. Arnold justice, he would have been much more liberal; but, my mother says, a single woman, bred in retirement as I have been, who cannot live on that, does not deserve to live at all; adding, that as the estate was already subject to one jointure, and the widow so young a woman; if it should be also my misfortune to become one early, a great part of the fortune would be swallowed by dowagers, and the heir not have enough to support his rank.

*October 2.*—This morning my mother, lady Grimston, the dean, and Mr. Arnold (who is the idol of them all) took a rumbling together in the old coach, by way of taking the air, in a dusty road; and



and what do you think was the result of their deliberations in this jaunt? Why truly lady Grimston, proud of her handy-work, would needs see it accomplished; and nothing will serve her, but I must be married at her house. My mother opposed it at first; but the Dean seconded the proposal, that he might have (as he expressed himself) the satisfaction of contributing *himself* to make Mr Arnold happy; and Mr Arnold (audaciously expecting, I suppose, that this would hasten the ceremony) joined his intreaties so effectually, that my mother was obliged to yield.

What a tormenting old woman is this lady Grimston! I hoped, at least, for the respite of a month, by getting to London. I thought first to have delayed the time of our going to town, and then to have faddled away a good while longer under pretence of preparations; though there is but little room for that now, as all my fineries, destined I thought to another purpose, are lying quietly in my trunks at home. But then one might  
have

have contrived many little occasions of delay. There was a house to be fixed upon, and I had twenty things to do; and, as my mother says, many things fall out between the cup and the lip. But all my expectations are blown away, and I have but one poor fortnight given me to recollect my scattered thoughts, when they are all to be centered in Mr. Arnold. I am not merry, my Cecilia, but I am determined not to appear sad; neither am I so; I hope I have no reason.

My mother purposes writing again to Sir George, to desire his presence at my marriage. I hope he will behave respectfully to every one here, if he should come.

*October 5.*—Mr. Arnold has writ to town, to bespeak a new chariot; he will do nothing in regard to the house, till I am on the spot to please myself. I intend sending Patty to town to bring me down my bridal trappings.

Mr. Arnold has given some necessary orders for the new decking of his person, as well as some of the apartments in the  
old

old mansion-house, which seem a little to want refurnishing; most of the goods having been inhabitants there since the time of his great grandfather.

*October 9.*—My mother's last letter to Sir George has produced the following answer, which he sent by Patty, when she returned down here with my cloaths.

Madam,

I am sorry I cannot accept of the invitation you favour me with, to be present at my sister's nuptials. Some affairs in Wiltshire require my immediate attendance; and I had settled matters before I received your summons, so as to set out as on this day. I wish you all imaginable satisfaction in your new son-in-law, and my sister abundance of happiness in her spouse.

I am, Madam, &c.

*London, Oct. 8.*

I am glad Sir George does not come down? I am sure if he did, his behaviour would

would be such, as would render him no very acceptable guest at Grimston-hall.

A week, but a short week, to come, before my fate is irrevocably fixed; or revocable only by the hand of death! This reflection, solemn as it is, does not alarm me; because, after again calling my heart to the strictest account, I think I *can* pronounce it intirely free. Mr. Arnold will soon have an indisputable right to it; and it is my firm purpose to use my utmost endeavours to give him intire possession of it. He every day gains upon my esteem. If his talents are not so glittering as I have seen some others possessed of, he is nevertheless master of an exceedingly good understanding, which a sort of diffidence in his manner does not suffer him to shew at once to the best advantage. His temper is extremely sweet, and he seems to have an openness of heart (when he throws off a little shyness which he has contracted) that is exceedingly engaging. His love for me appears as fervent as I believe it sincere; and I should  
be

be ungrateful not to do my utmost to return it.

*October 14.*—How precipitate has been my fortune? Twice within these three months have I been almost at the eve of my intended nuptials. Those which *were* to have been, I thought as certain as those which are *now* to be solemnized within two days. Who knows what may still happen to frustrate our present designs?—No—there is not another Miss B. to interpose. Mr. Arnold seems to be one of those who are born to pass quietly through life. He has already attained to the age of thirty, without one event ever happening to him, but such as happen to every man every day. May no future storm ever interrupt his or my tranquility; for they will soon be one and the same thing.

*October 16.*—The die is thrown, my Cecilia, and thy Sidney is the wife of Mr. Arnold! This day we were married; the good Dean joined our hands, and his daughter



daughter was one of my bride-maids. The poor girl was taken ill during the ceremony, and was obliged to leave the church, which has confirmed me in my suspicions—Oh, how I pity her! I believe indeed she only feigned illness for an excuse to retire. Mrs. Vere went out with her; but she would not suffer her to attend her home. She promised to dine with us, if she should be better; and so she did, and seemed chearful and pretty well; but I thought she looked as if she had been crying. She made my heart ach—but I am in hopes it is but a slight wound; she is exceedingly lively, and I dare say will soon get the better of it.

Lady Grimston was downright tiresome with her compliments; and preached an hour long about the duty of children to their parents; and how good a wife that woman was likely to make, who had always been exemplary in her filial obedience. Ah! lady Grimston, thought I, by what I have heard of you, you did not seem to number obedience among wife-like virtues in your own case, though you  
can

can preach it up to others. But I knew this sermon was chiefly intended for poor Mrs. Vere's use. My mother was all kindness and complacency. She seemed so delighted, that I rejoiced in having had it in my power to give her so much happiness. Lady Grimston did the honours of her house on this occasion with great magnificence, and I believe I need not tell you, with most exquisite decorum. Indeed this wedding was conducted with such a decent festivity, so rationally on all sides, and such a comfortable privacy, that I was not half so much shocked as I expected to have been.

We have no company here besides the family of the house, my dear good old Dean, his lady and daughter, one young lady more, and a relation of Mr. Arnold's; a gentleman who came from London on purpose to be present on this (as it is called) joyful occasion.

We shall leave this house to-morrow, Mr. Arnold and I, I mean. I am to be put into possession of the old mansion of Arnold-abbey. My mother is to continue  
with

with lady Grimston a week or a fortnight longer, and then she goes to London, on no other call, as she says, but to see on administer comfort to poor Miss B. who she supposes will be by that time come to her retreat.

I believe I shall remain in the country while the weather continues pleasant, but am not yet determined.

*October 17.*—We took leave of lady Grimston this morning, or rather of her house; for her ladyship, my dear mother, and all the good folks that were our guests at Grimston-hall, are to dine with us to-day at Arnold-abbey. I desired I might be permitted to go home without any parade, and in as private a manner as possible; for you know how I hate a bustle. Mr. Arnold very obligingly indulged me in this request, and conducted my sweet Mrs. Vere and me home in his own coach, at eight of the clock this morning. I found every thing in exact order at Arnold-abbey. The house is very spacious and convenient, though very old-fashioned.

fashioned. Some of the rooms however are newly fitted up, perfectly neat and handsome. The servants are orderly and well-behaved, and every thing seems to be exactly well regulated. You may be sure I have taken my own Patty home with me; I intend to constitute her house-keeper, and give her an additional salary for her additional trouble. Mr. Arnold had nobody in that capacity before, as his household had not been settled since the acquisition of his fortune, and he reserved the choosing of so material domestic to me; but as I do not love to multiply servants, and know that Patty is very capable of the place, I shall take no other.

*October 21.*—Visitors still in abundance: all the gentry in the neighbourhood for some miles about have been to pay us their compliments; at least, I hope by this time they have *all* been here, for we have not had a minute to ourselves these three days. It will take me up ten to return them, as many of the families live at a good distance from hence.

Mr.



Mr. Arnold, whose mourning has been laid aside since our wedding-day, seems to have a very good taste in dress; he is perfectly well shaped, and appears to great advantage in colours; in short he is more amiable than I thought he was. It is with great pleasure that I observe my young acquaintance, on whose heart I feared Mr. Arnold had made an impression, has recovered her usual vivacity. With people extremely full of spirits, love is not apt to sink very deep, or last long, when it does not meet with a return.

*October 30.*—My Mother sets out for London to-morrow, and Mr. Arnold has proposed to me, that he and I should accompany her. He says, he wants to look out for a house, and should like to fix in one before the winter advances; and that we may take up our abode at my mother's till our house is ready for us. My mother is charmed at this proposal: she dreads the thoughts of parting with me; and as she intends going (after  
a con-



a convenient stay in London) down to Sidney Castle, if I remain here, our separation must be immediate. I know this is Mr. Arnold's kind reason for desiring me to go; he thinks I shall be less affected at parting with my mother, when in the midst of the various scenes which London affords, than I should be if I were to continue here. He gives not this for a reason, but I know it is his true one; for he is not fond of London himself, especially at a season of the year when the country is so much more agreeable. I thanked him for this mark of his tenderness, and am determined to go.

*October 31.*—Once more returned to London in very good spirits, after a stay of little more than two months in Essex, in which time so material and unexpected a change has been made in my condition.

Lady Grimston took a most affectionate leave of my mother, and asked her, with more tenderness than I thought her capable

pable of, How many ages it would be before they should meet again? As for Mr. Arnold and me, she considers us as her neighbours. The Dean pleases himself with that expectation too; and the dear Mrs. Vere, who shed tears at bidding me adieu, promises herself the happiness (as she kindly expressed herself) of spending many delightful days with me next summer. She set out on her return to her own house, at the same time that we left ours to go town.

My brother is still in Wiltshire; but I find he did not leave town at the time he mentioned in his letter to my mother, nor for some days after. This Patty learnt from the servants; but I hope it will not come to my mother's ears, for she would take it extremely ill of him.

Mr. Arnold, for the first time, mentioned, that he was very much disappointed in not having had the honour of seeing Sir George at his house in the country; but he hoped, when he came to town, his brother and he should make up for this, by being the more together. I wish Sir  
George

George may behave as he ought to this deserving brother. Mr. Arnold little imagines how much he was an enemy to the match, and much less his reason for it. I should be very sorry Mr. Arnold were to know how near I was being married to another man; it might give a delicate mind pain, lest there should remain any traces of this former attachment in the breast of a woman he loves; but I hope there is no danger of his hearing of it; certainly, no one would be so indiscreet as to mention it to him. Mr. Arnold has lived chiefly in the country, and may never have heard of Mr. Faulkland, as he was so short a time returned from his travels, on which he had been absent more than five years; and as he is now out of the kingdom, probably he will not be spoken of. I have begged of my mother, who is naturally communicative, ~~never~~ to name Mr. Faulkland to Mr. Arnold, and have given my reasons for desiring this. She says, she thinks it would be better to tell him the whole affair at once; but I cannot agree with her in

in that opinion; and have at last prevailed on her to promise me she will not speak of it.

*November 2.*—My mother drove out in my new chariot to-day (a very fine gay one it is) and went to Putney to inquire after Miss B. by the name of Mrs. Jefferis. She soon found the house, a very neat box, with a pretty garden behind it. The door was opened by a servant maid; and my mother being told the lady was at home, sent in her name; and was immediately conducted up stairs into a very elegant little dressing-room, where the lady was sitting at her toilet; and Mr. Faulkland's housekeeper (whom my mother had seen before) assisting to dress her head. On my mother's entering the room, Miss B. rose off her chair, and soon discovered by her shape (for she was without her stays) that it was high time for her to seek a place of concealment. The housekeeper immediately withdrew; and the young lady seemed in the utmost confusion; my mother says, she herself

was at a loss how to begin the conversation, but Miss B. relieved her, and spoke first. She thanked her for the honour she did her by so charitable a visit, which, she said, Mr. Faulkland had long ago made her hope for; and which she must consider as the greatest consolation in her present unhappy circumstances.

My mother placed herself by her. Madam, said she, Mr. Faulkland made it a point with me before he left England, that I should see you, and afford you all the assistance in my power, or that you should stand in need of. You seem to be commodiously situated here, and I understand have a very careful good woman to attend you.

I have so, madam, she answered; but the most material circumstance is wanting to my relief: Mr. Faulkland!—He is not here: Tears started into her eyes as she spoke. You were apprised of his absence, said my mother, before you came to town. I was, madam, and with the cause of it; she hung down her head, and was silent.

My



My mother reassumed the conversation. She told her, she thought it a most providential discovery, that had given her the knowlege of Mr. Faulkland's ill behaviour time enough to prevent his marriage with her daughter; assuring her, she would not, for the universe, have had me the wife of a man under such ties, as she must consider Mr Faulkland to be. Miss B. brightened up a little upon my mother's saying this. Did Mr. Faulkland ever tell you, madam, how the unhappy affair happened? My mother told her, she knew not particulars; that she had been referred to her for a full explanation; that Mr. Faulkland had always endeavoured to excuse himself, and went so far as to say, He was sure the lady herself would acquit him in a great measure. Ah, madam! Miss B. cried, and shook her head. 'Tis as I expected, said my mother; Mr. Faulkland is an ungenerous man. A young lady of your modest appearance, I am sure, he must have taken more pains to seduce, than he will acknowledge. Miss B. blushed exceedingly—

Oh! madam, you have a charitable, generous heart, I was *indeed* seduced. I knew it, replied my mother. Did he promise to marry you? She coloured deeper than before. I will not accuse him of that, madam. My mother proceeded; You have a relation, madam; I understand she was accessory to your misfortune. Yes, the barbarous woman, answered the lady; she was the contriver of my destruction; and if I could have avoided it, I would never have seen her face again. Tears of grief and indignation again burst from her eyes. Have comfort, madam, said my mother, all may end well yet. I can have no hopes, answered Miss B. Mr. Faulkland flies me, you see, nor can I ever expect to recover his heart, since so charming a young lady, as I hear Miss Bidulph is, has possession of it; and though your goodness disappointed him in his late views, he may not yet despair. I found by this, continued my mother, that Miss B. knew nothing of your being married, and made haste to tell her. I never saw joy so  
visible

visible in a countenance. She clasped her hands together, Dear madam! what do you tell me? How you revive my drooping heart! then I am not *quite* hopeless, there is a *possibility* in my favour.

She then asked my mother, if Mr. Faulkland had acquainted her with her real name, or that of her relation. My mother, who had once or twice called her by the name of Jefferis, assured her he had not. That was generous in him, said she; he *can* be generous in *some* points. But I have no reason to conceal it from so prudent and worthy a lady as you are; my real name is Burchell; that of my cruel relation I will forbear to mention, out of respect to my good uncle, whose wife she is. Mr Faulkland, she added, left a bill of five hundred pounds with his housekeeper, to provide every thing for me that I should want; with assurances that he would take the tenderest care of—the poor young creature hesitated, and could proceed no farther; but my mother said she understood her meaning. They had a good deal more discourse: my mother promised to see

her often during her confinement, and took her leave.

She tells me, she is exceedingly pretty, and has such an air of innocence and simplicity, as very much engages one in her favour.

I have set down this whole conversation, with every other particular, exactly as my mother related it.

She, who has a most circumstantial memory, repeated it word for word, and I, from a custom of throwing upon paper every thing that occurs to me, have habituated myself to retain the minutest things.

I know not, my dear, whether you will be of my opinion; but I cannot help thinking, that there was something like art in Miss Burchell's behaviour, far from that candour which Mr. Faulkland seemed to expect from her. My mother mentioned the *pains* that she supposed had been taken to *seduce* her; her deep blush at this hint, makes me suspect that her answer was not dictated by sincerity. She saw my mother was not acquainted with particulars, and that she was willing to  
pass

pass a favourable judgment on her fault; it looks to me as if she laid hold of this prejudice—and yet she *owned* that Mr. Faulkland had never promised to marry her—I know not what to think; but there appears to me, upon the whole, something evasive and disingenuous in her conduct. My mother, who is all openness and integrity, saw it not in this light. But be it as it may, it is no longer of consequence to me, which was most to blame, the gentleman or the lady: Miss Burchell is certainly the injured person; perhaps I too may have wronged her in my surmises; if I have, I beg her pardon; the observations I have made on her behaviour are only en passant, and I do from my heart wish Mr. Faulkland would make her his wife. You may perceive, from what I have told you, how little this interview was likely to produce in Mr. Faulkland's favour, had it even been brought about sooner. My mother is now more than ever confirmed in her opinion, that the poor young creature has been deceived; and she prays, that



Mr. Faulkland may not be overtaken with a judgment, which she thinks nothing but his marrying the girl can avert.

*November 10.*—We have at length fixed upon a house to our liking, a handsome convenient one in St. James's-street. We are preparing to get it furnished as fast as we can, that we may go into it; for if my brother should come to town, I know *our* being with my mother will be an objection to his lodging in her house: this I should be sorry for, as she told him he might make use of it while it remained in her hands.

*November 15.*—Thank my stars! I have got over the fatigue of receiving and paying a second round of bridal visits, and I am really so tired of it, that uninviting as the season is, I could wish myself in quiet at Arnold-Abbey; but I cannot think of leaving London while my mother continues in it, and she is now resolved to do so till Miss Burchell, or rather,

rather, on this occasion, Mrs. Jefferis, is brought to-bed. You can't imagine how solicitous she is about her; every time she sees her she seems more and more pleased with her. I am very glad it has happened so, for the poor young woman's sake; my mother is as warm in her attachments as in her resentments. She visits her almost every second day; for the poor thing it seems is ill at present, and can't leave her chamber. She tells me she is extremely melancholy, and seems much to dread the approaching hour. I greatly honour my good mother for her humanity towards her: in her terrifying situation, she must want the tenderness of a well bred as well as a sensible friend; for it must be a melancholy thing, in such circumstances, to have no one about her but servants, and those strangers too.

She told my mother, that her altered looks, and frequent sicknesses, gave her aunt (who was privy to the cause of it all) a pretence for asking her uncle's permission for Miss to go to Bath, which she told him would do her more good

than any thing. He consented, and supposed she was actually gone thither under the care of a lady, whom her aunt named, who was really going there in order to settle for life, and to whose house she went for a day or two to give a colour to this story. Her aunt contrived that she should not take any servant with her; giving it for a reason, that as she might be as well attended by the lady's servants with whom she lodged, and be considered by her as one of the family, a maid would only be an unnecessary incumbrance. She added, that her uncle was so afflicted with the gout, that he never stirred abroad, and saw very little company, so that it was not likely he should ever be undeceived.

*November 20.*—We have just received a very odd piece of news, that I own has a little alarmed me. It is, that the widow of Mr. Arnold's brother is found to be with child. There was no mention of this at the time her husband died, nor indeed any cause to suspect it; but

but the strongest presumptions in the world to the contrary, as her husband and she lived a-part. It has not been even whispered, till since our arrival in town. The lady pretends that she was not conscious of it herself till within this fortnight; yet her husband has been dead four months. This I am told is very possible, though not very common. She has herself wrote a letter to Mr. Arnold, to inform him of it; at the same time declaring, that she and her late husband had been reconciled a little before his death; and that, had he recovered, she was to have lived with him again. All this is very strange. The elder Mr. Arnold killed himself with excessive drinking. His death approached him by slow degrees; but as he could never be persuaded to think it near, he took not the least care either of his spiritual or temporal concerns. His brother was in the country when he was seized with his last illness, which he had precipitated by some extravagant excess. He was almost at the last extremity before he could be prevailed on to let a physician attend

attend him, or suffer his brother to be sent for. In regard to the latter, he told those about him, that as he was his heir, of course he had made no will. He mentioned not his wife. The jointure which had been settled on her, he allowed her for a separate maintenance. They had for a long time pursued separate pleasures, and none of his friends knew that they had ever met, or so much as seen one another from the time they parted. My Mr. Arnold arrived in town just time enough to close his brother's eyes; he was speechless when he came, and expired in less than an hour after he entered his chamber:

As his wife had been very obnoxious to the family, there was little notice taken of her by them, more than what common forms require. She seemed as indifferent about the death of her husband; as she had been towards him in his life-time; and did not then hint a word of this reconciliation between them, or of her having had an interview with him. I am told, she is a very weak, as well as a very loose woman; and Mr. Arnold thinks she has got  
into



into the hands of some designing person. However that matter may be, it is a serious affair; and he designs to take the opinion of an eminent lawyer upon it. My poor dear mother is frightened sadly. If this child should make its appearance in the world time enough to prove the possibility of its being the offspring of the late Mr Arnold, she says, it must be considered by the law as his heir, notwithstanding the husband and wife lived apart. Mr. Arnold laughs, or affects to laugh at this; we shall, however, wait with patience till the lady is brought to-bed.

*November 25.*—Our house is intirely fitted up, and we shall remove into it this evening; my mother chooses to continue in her own, though Mr. Arnold presses her to accept of an apartment in ours; but we shall be near neighbours, and she does not like to change.

We have received the opinion of our lawyers, who tell us, that in case the child should be born within such a period

period of time, as to give colour to its claim, yet the lady must prove her assertion, in regard to the pretended meeting between her and her husband; which it is imagined is not in her power to do; and her indifferent character, together with several favourable circumstances which Mr. Arnold has on his side, makes them quite sanguine in their expectations of overturning her claim. We are, however, likely to be engaged in a disagreeable law-suit; but as Mr. Arnold seems perfectly easy about the issue of it, I will make myself so too.

*December 10.*—I am more and more reconciled to my lot, my dear Cecilia, every day that I live. Mr. Arnold's assiduity and tenderness towards me deserve the gratefullest return my heart can make him; and I am convinced it is not necessary to be passionately in love with the man we marry, to make us happy. Constancy, good sense, and a sweet temper, must form a basis for a durable felicity. The two latter I am sure Mr. Arnold possesses;  
Oh,

Oh, may I never experience his want of the former; I hope my own conduct will for ever ensure to me his love. That can only secure the tranquillity of my future days.

*December 11.*—My brother arrived in town last night; and came this morning in company with my mother (and I am sure at her request) to make us a formal visit. My kind Mr. Arnold received him with tenderdeſs; Sir George was coldly polite. He owned, however, to my mother, upon her asking him his opinion of his brother-in-law, that he ſeemed to be a *good clever ſort of a fellow*. I wiſh I could cultivate a friendship between them; it will not be Mr. Arnold's fault if there is not; but Sir George, you know, is not of a very pliant diſpoſition.

He asked my mother, when they were alone, Whether ſhe had yet ſeen Miſs B. or Mrs Jefferis (for he knew her by no other name) and what ſhe had to ſay for herſelf? My mother told him, he had better not touch upon that ſtring. I will be hanged,

hanged, replied Sir George, if the artful young baggage has not imposed upon you. My mother, who is always angry at having her sagacity called in question, told Sir George he was rude, and she should give him no satisfaction on that head. My brother answered, as it was *now* of no consequence what the wench affirmed or denied, he had no farther curiosity about her. My mother called him a bear, and so the enquiry ended.

*December 20.*—I congratulate you, my sister, my friend, my ever beloved Cecilia. Happy! happy may you be in your nuptials! but in the midst of my joy for your being so nobly and worthily bestowed, self-love forces a sigh from me. I have lost the pleasing hope of seeing you at the time fixed for your return. The station your husband holds at the court of Vienna, will, I fear, long detain my beloved in a foreign land. But you are not amongst strangers; a husband, a brother, and tender parent, must make every part of the globe equally your home.

home. I will therefore seek for my contentment in yours, and rest satisfied with believing that you will always continue to love me.

*January 10, 1703-4.*——I begin to find my thoughts so much dissipated, that I am angry with myself; Mr. Arnold's excessive indulgence will spoil me; he is always contriving new scenes of pleasure, and hurries me from one to the other. I do not wish to be perpetually fluttering about. The calm domestic life you know was always my choice; but I will not oppose my kind Mr. Arnold in his fond desire of pleasing me: besides, I find that by his constantly gallanting me to public places, he begins himself to acquire a sort of relish for them, which he did not use to have: at least his prudence made him so to conform to the necessity of his circumstances, while his fortune was small, that he never indulged himself in any of the fashionable expensive amusements; nor does he now in any but such as I partake of with him. I  
find



find he is by nature open and liberal to excess. I must take care, without his being conscious of it, to be a gentle check upon his bounteous spirit; I mean only so far as it regards myself: indeed this is the most material point, for in every other instance his generosity is regulated by prudence. I am every hour more obliged to him, and should hate myself if I did not find that he had an intire possession of my love.

Sir George hardly ever comes near us but by formal invitation, and then his behaviour to Mr. Arnold is so very civil, and so very distant, that it mortifies me exceedingly. Mr. Arnold cannot but perceive it; but either his tenderness for me makes him take no notice of it, or else, not being well enough acquainted with my brother to know his disposition, he may impute his coldness to his natural temper.

My mother says, he never names Mr. Faulkland or Miss Burchell to her. I wish Sir George would intirely forget that unhappy affair.

*February*

*February 1.*—There is a story propagated by the widow Arnold about the meeting between her and her husband; the circumstances of which are as follow.

She says, she had dined one day in the city, and was returning home to her lodgings in York-building in a hackney-coach; that the driver, by his carelessness in coming along the Strand, had one of his forewheels taken off by a waggon, which accident obliged her to alight: the foot-boy, who was behind the coach, had by the jolt been thrown off and received a hurt, which made it necessary to have him carried into a shop for assistance. That the lady herself, being no otherwise injured, than by a little fright, found that she was so near home, that she did not think it worth while to wait for another carriage, but pursued her way on foot. It was a fine dry evening, about nine o'clock: and though there was no light but what the lamps afforded, yet as the streets were full of people, she had no apprehensions of danger.

In

In this situation she was accosted by two gentlemen, who, seeing a lady well dressed and alone, insisted on seeing her safe to her lodgings. However disagreeable such an encounter was, she said she did not give herself much concern about it, as she was so near home, and expected to shake off her new acquaintance at the door of the house where she lodged; and accordingly, when she got there, she told them she was at home, and wished them a good night; but the impertinents were not so easily to be put off. The door having been opened by the maid of the house, they both rushed in; her landlady, a single woman, happened to be abroad, and there was no man in the house.

Mrs. Arnold thought she had no way left, but to run up to her dining-room, and lock herself in; but in this she was prevented, as the gentlemen, whom the servant of the house vainly endeavoured to oppose, got up stairs almost as soon as she did. Her own maid, on hearing the rap at the door, had lighted candles in the dining-room; the two sparks entered with

with her; but how was she surprized to find that one of them was her husband. Her fright, she said, had prevented her from discovering this sooner, as she had not looked in either of their faces, though there was a light in the hall; and Mr. Arnold's being half drunk, she supposed, was the reason of his not perceiving sooner who she was.

The astonishment that they both were in, and the exclamation that each made in their turn, soon informed the companion of Mr. Arnold who the lady was. He congratulated them both on this fortunate mistake, and saying, since chance had been so propitious to Mr. Arnold as to throw him into the arms of so charming a woman, he hoped his discovering her to be his wife would not render her the less agreeable to him; but that this unexpected meeting might be a means of re-uniting them in their former amity.

Mr. Arnold, she says, in the presence of this gentleman, advanced with open arms to embrace her, which she not declining, his friend having again felicitated

tated them on their reconciliation, took his leave, and Mr. Arnold remained with his lady.

That at parting, which was not till late (as she would not, on account of her reputation, permit him to pass the night at her lodgings) he promised to bring her home to his house in a day or two; but unfortunately for her he was taken ill in the interim, which she did not know of, till she had an account that Mr. Arnold had lost his senses. The reason she assigned for not inquiring after him sooner was that her pride would not suffer her to make any advances to a man, who had been so injurious as to part with her; and she thought it his duty to recal her, without her taking any step towards it.

This story seems plausible; yet none of our friends believe a word of it, and imagine somebody has contrived it for her. The gentleman, who was the companion of Mr. Arnold that night, she says, can, at a proper time, be produced as a witness, as also her own maid, who can testify the truth of this story. In the



the mean time this maid is kept out of the way, and nobody can guess at the gentleman, for his name is kept a profound secret.

I am delighted at the sweetness of Mr. Arnold's temper: vexatious at this affair is likely to be, even at the best, he does not suffer it to interrupt our pleasures or his own good humour. On the contrary, he is the more studious of promoting every thing which he thinks will entertain me.

*February 28.*—At length the poor Miss Burchell is happily rid of her burthen; a pretty little boy, my mother says it is: it was, immediately after his birth, at which my mother was present, privately baptized by the name of Orlando, and sent away with its nurse, a careful body, who had been before provided for it. It passes for the son of a captain Jefferis, abroad with the army. Miss Burchell would never suffer the nurse to see her; for as she intends to reassume her own name, as soon as she shall be in a  
con-

condition to leave her present retirement, she would choose not to be known by the woman, in case of her going to see her child. Every thing was managed with so much privacy, and Miss Burehell has lived so perfectly recluse, nobody ever visiting her but my mother, that in all probability this affair will always remain an intire secret.

My mother says, that as soon as Miss Burchell (to whom she considers herself as a kind of patroness) is tolerably recovered, she will go down to Sidney Castle; for she thinks herself in a strange land any where but there. And would you believe it, my dear, she has taken such a fancy to Miss Burchell, that she talks of inviting her down with her, if she can obtain her uncle's leave. The girl must certainly have some very amiable qualities, so to captivate my mother, or she has an immensity of art. I dare say the young lady will gladly accept of her invitation; it will undoubtedly be a most eligible situation for her. I do not know what Sir George may say to her carrying her humanity so far,

far, as he hates the name of this poor girl; but no matter, it may be a means of preserving her character, which probably she might not long keep, if she returned to live with so vile a woman as I conclude her aunt to be; nor can she have any colour for quitting her whilst her uncle lives; for I find she is an orphan, and has no relation but him. She must however go home for a while, in order to get leave from him for this visit to Sidney Castle.

*March 26, 1704.*—I am told the widow Arnold computes the time of her lying-in about the latter end of the next month; if it should happen, she saves her distance, as her husband died in July, a little before we went to Grimston-hall. Mr. Arnold treats the affair very lightly, and is only concerned at seeing my mother so much affected by it. For my part, I form my behaviour upon Mr. Arnold's conduct; and as long as he appears easy, I shall certainly be so too.

My brother throws out some unkind

reflections: he says, he wonders the old sybil at Grimston-hall did not foresee this; and congratulates me on my good fortune, in having my jointure settled on that part of the estate which is not disputed. I really think he shews a sort of ill-natured triumph even in his condolences; for he generally concludes them with thanking his stars that *he* had no hand in the match. I trust in God we shall none of us have any cause to repent it. I am sure I never shall; for if Mr. Arnold were reduced to the lowest ebb of fortune, I should find my consolation in his kindness and affection.

*March 27.*—My mother is preparing to leave town. Miss Burchell is quite recovered, and purposes going down to the country to obtain her uncle's consent for the intended visit. She says, she can easily tell him she made an acquaintance with lady Bidulph in her late excursion to Bath, from whom she received an invitation, and she is sure he will not refuse to let her accept it.

Sir

Sir George laughs exceedingly at this plan. He says his mother ought not to be surprized at Faulkland's falling into the girl's snares, since she herself has done the same; but he supposes my mother thinks she is doing a very meritorious action, in affording an asylum to this injured innocence. I give you my brother's words for I assure you, as to myself, I approve of my mother's kindness to her, and think it may be a means of preserving the girl from future mischief.

*April 2.*—Miss Burchell is gone into the country; and this morning, for the first time, severed me from the best of mothers. I cannot recover my spirits; I have wept all day. Mr. Arnold, ever good and obliging, would needs accompany her some miles on her journey; you may be sure I was not left behind. Sir George was so polite as to say, He would escort her down to Sidney Castle. I was surprized at it; for he does not often do obliging things. My mother gladly accepted of his company, and said, she would



make him her prisoner, when she had him there; for she should be quite melancholy without me for a time. Now though I should be very unwilling not to allow the merit of a good-natured action to Sir George, yet do I attribute this in some measure to its answering a purpose of convenience to himself. You know, before his illness sent him to the Spa, he always spent his summers with us at the Castle, though he has another very convenient house on his estate. When he was in London he never had any thing but lodgings, for which I have often been angry with him. My mother, since his return, made him a compliment of her house; but as the time she took it for is now expired, and it is let to another family, he could no longer continue in it. Mr. Arnold, in the most affectionate manner, pressed him to accept of an apartment with us, which he declined. Now as he could not, without shewing us an apparent slight, continue in town in other lodgings, I believe he, for this reason, preferred going down with my mother.

mother. Be it as it may, I am very glad that she will have his company; for I make no doubt of his staying with her some time, unless Miss Burchell should frighten him away.

*April 5.*—I have been so cast down since my mother's departure, that Mr. Arnold's obliging tender assiduity to please and entertain me seems redoubled; but indeed I am wearied with a continual round of noisy pleasures, and long to get back to Arnold-abbey. I hope to be there in about three weeks, or a month at farthest. My mother has dispensed with our going down to her this summer. She thinks it might be attended with inconveniencies to me, and talks of coming to town again in a few months; but I shall insist on her not giving herself the fatigue of so long a journey, unless she comes to stay all the next winter with us.

*April 20.* — My mother writes me word that Miss Burchell has obtained leave of her uncle, and is come to Sid-

ney castle: she says, she never saw a better behaved young creature. Sir George has taken so much offence at her coming, that he talks of going to his own house. My mother adds, 'He behaves however with manners, but I shall not press him to stay.'

*May 6.*—An important birth, my Cecilia! the widow Arnold has produced a young miss. I assure you the little damsel has been ushered into life with all the ceremony due to a young heiress; and her mother introduces her as one whom an unjust uncle debars of her right. Now you must know, that upon an exact calculation, this little girl has made her appearance just twelve days later than she ought to have done, to prove her legitimacy, dating the possibility of her being Mr. Arnold's, from the very day whereon he took that illness of which he died, and which confined him for five days to his bed. In all that time his servants never left him for a minute; this has occasioned various speculations; our lawyers say that  
it

it is enough to destroy her pretensions; but some physicians, who have been consulted on the occasion, are of a contrary opinion; and declare they have known instances of children being born, even so long after the stated time allotted by nature for their coming into life.

It is a very unlucky affair, and has involved us in a law-suit. Who the person is that secretly abets the widow, we cannot find out; but it is certain she has somebody; every one believes this is an infamous and unjust claim; and the woman's folly almost frees her from the suspicion of its being of her own contriving.

*May 10.*—You cannot imagine, my Cecilia, how happy I think myself, after such a hurrying winter as I have had, to find myself once more restored to my favourite pleasures, the calm delights of solitude. Arnold-abbey seems a paradise to me now.

Lady Grimston shewed me a specimen of her humour this morning, in talking of the widow Arnold. She said she was

an *barlot*, that having already disgraced the family, now wanted to beggar them; but that if Mr. Arnold did not make an example of her, she would never own him for a kinsman.

My chearful old dean says, he is now completely happy, having lived to see his daughter married (while we were in town) very much to his and her satisfaction. I am heartily glad of it; neither am I sorry (for her sake) that she has left the country.

*May 11.*——Mrs Vere is come to spend a few weeks with me according to her promise. She is a truly amiable creature; her disposition so gentle, her temper so mild, such a sweet humility in her whole deportment, that it astonishes me her mother can still persist in her unkindness to her. But the eldest daughter was always her darling, who I understand is pretty much of her mother's own cast, and makes a very termagant wife to a very turbulent husband. So that notwithstanding their title (for he is a baronet) and immense riches, they are a very miserable pair.

They



They were lately to pay lady Grimston a visit; but there happened such a fracas, that probably it may be the last she will ever receive from them. The husband it seems, though very rough and surly in his nature, is, notwithstanding, a well-meaning man, and not void of humanity; which had induced him to give a small portion to a young girl, a distant relation of his own, who had been left an orphan. She was beloved by the son of a substantial farmer, a tenant of the baronet's, and had an equal affection for him; but the young man, depending intirely on his father for his future prospects, durst not take a wife without something to begin the world with; for his father had just put him into the management of one of his farms. The young lady and her mother (who was a widow, and is but lately dead) had boarded for some years at this honest farmer's house, and in that time a mutual love had been contracted between the young people. The old man himself liked the girl so well for a daughter-in-law, that his only objection was her want of

fortune; but this was such an obstacle as was not to be surmounted by a man, who, being accustomed to earn money by indefatigable industry, put the utmost value upon it. His regard to his son's happiness, however, made him resolve to try an experiment in his favour, and accordingly he plucked up courage, and went to his landlord. He told him, in his own blunt way, that he came to speak to him in behalf of a poor young gentlewoman that was his (Sir William's) relation. I have a son that loves her, said he, and she loves him, but I cannot afford to let the boy marry a wife that has nothing; and you know she has no portion. I would not desire much with her, for she is a good girl, and very housewifely; But if you will be so kind to give something to set them a-going a little, I shall be content; if not, you will be the cause of my son's losing a wife, for he swears he will never marry any other woman; and she, poor thing, may pine away for love. I do not desire this match out of the ambition of having my boy related to you,  
but

but because I think the girl is an honest girl, and may make him happy.

The rough honesty of the farmer pleased his landlord so well, that he gave the young woman five hundred pounds, to set them a-going, as the old yeoman termed it. Though this sum was but a trifle to a man of his fortune, and the giving it was a praise-worthy action, yet did it exceedingly displease his lady, especially as he had not thought proper to consult her on the occasion. She was not contented with venting her indignation on her husband at home, but she renewed the quarrel, by complaining to lady Grimston, that her opinion and advice were not only despised, but that Sir William was lavishing away the fortune *she* had brought him upon a *tribe* of poor relations of his own. Lady Grimston immediately took fire; she could not bear the thoughts of having her daughter's authority of less weight in his family than her own had been, and she attacked her son-in-law with acrimony on the subject. His answer to her was short. Look  
ye,

ye, lady Grimston, you made a very obstreperous wife to a very peaceable husband; your daughter, I find, is mightily disposed to follow your example; but as I am not quite so tame as my father-in-law was, I will suffer her to see as little of it as my be. With this he turned from her, and ordering his coach and six to be got ready immediately, with very little ceremony he forced his wife into it, and carried her home directly, leaving lady Grimston foaming with rage. The altercation had been carried on with so little caution, that the servants heard it, and the story is the jest of the neighbourhood.

I confess I am not sorry for this breach; it may be the better for poor Mrs. Vere; for though her mother's jointure reverts to a male relation, on whom the estate was settled, yet as lady Grimston has a large personal fortune, it is in her power to make her daughter full amends for the injury she did her.

*May 20.*—Mr. Arnold is improving  
his

his gardens, and taking in a great deal more ground to enlarge them. I do not express the least dissatisfaction at this, tho' I own I could wish he would not engage in new expences on an estate which is now in litigation; but our lawyers are so sanguine, that they encourage him to proceed.

*[The following is writ in the hand of the lady who gave the editor these papers: " Here follows an interval of " four months; in which time, though " the Journal was regularly continued, " nothing material to her story occurred " but the birth of a daughter; after " which she proceeds." ]*

September 25.—How delightful are the new sensations, my dear Cecilia, that I feel hourly springing in my heart! Surely the tenderness of a mother can never be sufficiently repaid; and I now more than ever rejoice in having, by an obedience, which perhaps I once thought had some little merit in it, contributed so much



much to the repose of a parent to whom I have such numberless obligations. I never see my dear little girl, but I think such were the tender sentiments, the sweet anxieties, that my honoured and beloved mother felt when her Sidney was such a brat as this. Then I say, surely I have a right to all the duty, all the filial love that this creature can shew me, in return for my fondness. As for Mr. Arnold, he idolizes it; you never saw so good a nurse as he makes. Lady Grimston declares, we are both in a fair way of ruining the child, and advises us to send it out of the house, that we may not grow too fond of it; but we shall hardly take her counsel.

*September 28.*—I informed you before that Miss Burchell had been summoned home by her uncle, who was then very ill. She has lately written an account to my mother of his death; and that as she has now her fortune in her own hands, she intends immediately to quit her aunt, and look out for some genteel

genteel and reputable family in London (where it seems she chooses to reside) to lodge with.

My mother, in her letter to me, expresses great satisfaction at her resolution to leave her aunt, but is not without her fears, that so pretty a young woman, left to her own guidance, may be liable to danger; though she thinks both her natural disposition, and her good sense, sufficient to guard her against actual evil.

Our lawyer writes us word, that he has had an offer of a composition, proposed by the widow Arnold's people: he says, though the sum they mention is a very round one, yet it plainly indicates the weakness of their hopes; and concludes with telling Mr. Arnold, that if six-pence would buy them off, he should not, with his consent, give it to them; as it would tacitly admit the legality of their claim, and might be productive of troublesome consequences hereafter; and therefore he would by all means have the issue fairly tried. Mr. Arnold laughs heartily at the proposal, but

but says he is very much obliged to the lady for condescending to give up more than half, when her daughter has a right to the whole; without whose consent he supposes it is not in the mother's power to make terms.

I wish we were rid of this troublesome affair, as it must hurry us to town sooner than we intended, and the country is still delightful.

*London, October 1.*——Again we have quitted our sweet retirement for the noise and bustle of London; but this law-business, it seems, must be closely pursued, though our antagonist's motions seem a little dilatory. We cannot find out the secret spring that sets the machine a-going; the wheels however do not seem to move with such alacrity as they did; though the widow still talks big, and says, we shall repent of having rejected her offer.

*October 3.*——My brother is arrived in town, but took care to settle himself

in handsome commodious lodgings before he paid us a visit; for fear, I suppose, that we should again press him to accept of apartments in our house. I see he is determined to keep up nothing more than an intercourse barely civil. Mr. Arnold cannot but be disgusted with his behaviour, but he is too delicate to take notice of it to me.

*October 7.*—I am disappointed in my hopes of seeing my dear mother in town this winter. Her apartment was ready for her, and I delighted myself with the thoughts of seeing her in possession of it, at least for a few months; but she writes me word that her old rheumatic complaint is returned on her with such violence, that she cannot think of undertaking the journey. Sadly am I grieved at this news, and shall long to have the winter over, that Mr. Arnold and I may fly to Sidney Castle; he has promised me this satisfaction early in the summer.

My mother informs me that Miss Burchell constantly corresponds with her:  
she

she tells her that her aunt is come to town to solicit for her pension, but that she never sees her; and as she means to drop all correspondence with her, she does not intend even to let her know where she lodges. I commend Miss Burchell highly for this, as the acquaintance of such a woman may be hurtful to her reputation.

*[Here ensues another interval of nine months, in which nothing particular is related, but that Mrs. Arnold became mother to a second child. This last circumstance, with a few others preceding and succeeding that event, are related in the Journal by her maid Patty; after which Mrs. Arnold herself proceeds.]*

July 1, 1705.———Again, my dear Cecilia, I am able to reassume my pen. I have read what Patty has writ, and find she is admirable at the anecdotes of a nursery. Am I not rich, think you? Two daughters, and both perfect beauties, and great wits you may be sure!

The new-born damsel was baptized this day by the dear-loved name of Cecilia.

I am



I am angry with Mr. Arnold, he takes so little notice of this young stranger; his affections are all engaged by Dolly: indeed, I am almost jealous of her; for he spends most of the time he is at home in the nursery.

Our antagonist is grown alert again, and has renewed her efforts, which we thought began to flag a little, with fresh vigour. Whence she derives those revived hopes is still a mystery; but she now says, she would not accept of a composition if it were offered. My poor Mr. Arnold begins to fret a little; it now-and-then makes him thoughtful; not that, he says, he has the least doubt about his success, but he has been much harassed with the necessary attendance that the cause requires, and downright tired with dangle after lawyers; besides, they say the cause cannot come to an hearing in the ensuing term, though they before made us hope that it would be at an end long before this time.

*July 3.*—I am mortified exceedingly, my  
 dear

dear Cecilia: I find I am not likely to see my mother this summer. I thought I could not have lived so long from her sight. Indeed it was purely in the hope of making her this visit, that I prevented her coming to town in the spring, which she purposed doing, though far from being well enough to undertake the journey. I own I have been impatient under my confinement, as that, and my previous circumstances, detained us so long in town, and I this day asked Mr. Arnold when we should set out for Sidney Castle. He answered me, that he feared it would not be in his power this season to pay the intended visit to my mother: he says, he has not been near his estate in Kent these five years, except for a day or two at a time, and that he thinks it necessary to see what condition it is in. I believe I have told you that there is a pretty house on it. The place is called South-park, and is that which my mother chose for my settlement. Mr. Arnold, who always preferred Arnold-abbey to it, hardly ever visited this place; and as he never resided  
there,

there, and only lay at an inn when he went down, the house is unfurnished, excepting a room or two, which a man who receives his rent has just made habitable for his own convenience.

But that I have laid it down as a rule never to oppose so good, so indulgent a husband as Mr. Arnold is, in any instance wherein I do not think a superior duty requires me to do so, I should certainly shew some disapprobation of what he now purposes doing. It will be attended with so much trouble, so much expence too—he has ordered the house at South-park to be completely furnished, and says, he hopes I shall like it so well as to be induced to pass the remainder of the summer there. Most sure it is, every place will be delightful to me where I can enjoy his company, and have my dear little babes with me; but methinks two country houses are an unnecessary charge, and more than suits our fortune. I pray God this tender husband may not have a strong and prudent reason for this conduct, which out of kindness he conceals;

per-

perhaps he thinks this little spot at South-park may some time hence be the whole of our dependance, and he has a mind to be before-hand with ill fortune, in rendering that retreat agreeable to me, and rather an object of choice than of necessity. If this be his motive, how much am I obliged to him? He has not hinted any thing like it; nor would I dash the pleasure he seems to promise himself there, by insinuating the least suspicion of what his reasons are for going to it. If we lose Arnold-abbey, and the whole estate belonging to it, I shall only regret it for his sake.

*July 8.*———We are to set out to-morrow, my Cecilia, for our place in Kent. I have made the best apology that I could to my mother, and Mr. Arnold too has writ to her; but I know she will be extremely disapointed at not seeing us.

*July 12.*———We are safely arrived at South-park, Mr. Arnold in high spirits;  
and

and my two young travellers bore the fatigue extremely well.

I am not surprized that Mr. Arnold liked the old family-seat better than this. I cannot say I am much charmed with it, but I will not let him see that. I affect to admire, and seem pleased with every thing that affords me the least opportunity of commendation. The house is a very neat one; it has not been many years built, and is in perfectly good repair. It is genteely, though plainly furnished, and we have a tolerable garden; but as the whole domain is let, we are obliged to take a few fields from one of our tenants, to supply our immediate wants. We are in a very genteel and populous neighbourhood, and within a mile of a good market town.

July 20.—I have regretted nothing so much in my absence from Arnold-abbey, as the being cut off from the hope of seeing my amiable Mrs. Vere. We can have but *one friend* to share our heart, to whom we have no reserve,  
and



and whose loss is irreparable; but I perceive the absence of a pleasing acquaintance, whose society is no farther necessary to us, than as it contributes to enliven solitude, and gets a preference to others merely by comparison, is a loss easily supplied; this I find by experience. There are Mrs. Veres every where; but, alas! there is but *one* Cecilia!

I was visited to-day by two ladies that I am charmed with, though it is the first time I have seen either of them. The one is Lady V. of whom you have formerly heard. Her lord and she came together; their seat is within a mile of us, and Mr. Arnold had a slight acquaintance with lord V. before. My lady is about forty, and has that kind of countenance that at once invites your confidence; I never saw integrity, benevolence, and good sense, more strongly pictured in a face; her address is so plain, so perfectly free from affectation, or any of the little supercilious forms of ceremony, that a person, ignorant of what true politeness consists in, would imagine she wanted breeding;

ing; yet she received her education in a court; but she seems to let good sense and good nature preside over all her words and actions rather than form. She told me she had deferred her visit to me, longer perhaps than the laws of decorum would admit of, as we were such near neighbours; but, said she, I was determined not to be over-looked in the crowd of visitors that have been thronging to you every day, since you came down. The character I have heard of you, makes me wish for an intimacy with you, and you are not to look upon this as a visit of ceremony, but as an advance towards that friendship I wish to cultivate.

She spoke this with so frank an air, that, flattering as the compliment appeared, I could not help believing her sincere; and thought myself, that my appearance did not diminish that good opinion which she said she had conceived of me from report.

Lord V— is many years older than his lady; a robust man, as plain in his way as my lady is in her's; though *his* way

and *her's* are very different, for he is frank even to bluntness, but the best humoured man living.

The other lady whom I mentioned is a widow; her name is Gerrarde, and she lives upon a little estate she has in this neighbourhood. I think I never beheld so fine a creature; she is about six-and-twenty; her stature, which is much above the common size, is rendered perfectly graceful and majestic by one of the finest shapes in the world; if her face is not altogether so regularly beautiful as her person, it is, however, handsome enough to render any woman charming who had nothing else to boast of. Whether her understanding be of a piece with the rest, I have not yet been able to discover. Her visit to me was but short, for she had not sat with me an hour, when lady V— came in, and she then took her leave; but by what I could observe in that little time, she seems to have as much vivacity and agreeable humour, as I ever met with in any one. She pressed me to dine with her at her cottage, as she calls it, to-morrow,  
and

and I like her too well to refuse the invitation.

These two charming women, I think, I shall single out for my chief intimates, from the crowd which have been to compliment me on my coming into this country.

Mr. Arnold is mightily pleased with them both; but he gives the preference to lady V——, whom, though he had a slight acquaintance with her lord, he never saw before. But he is almost as great a stranger in this place as I am: he is highly delighted at my having met with people who are likely to render it agreeable to me.

*July 21.*——We dined to-day according to appointment with Mrs. Gerrarde. A cottage she called her house, nor does it appear much better at the out-side, but within it is a fairy palace. Never was any thing so neat, so elegant, so perfectly well fancied, as the fitting up of all her rooms. Her bedchambers are furnished with fine chintz, and her drawing-room with the

N 2                      prettiest

prettiest Indian sattin I ever saw. Her little villa is called Ashby, and her husband, she told me, purchased it for her sometime before his death, and left it to her; but she has since had a considerable addition to her fortune by the death of a relation.

Our entertainment was splendid almost to profusion, though there was no company but Mr. Arnold and I. I told her, if she always gave such dinners, it would frighten me away from her: indeed it was the only circumstance in her whole conduct that did not please me, for I was charmed with the rest of her behaviour. They must surely be of a very churlish disposition, who are not pleased where a manifest desire to oblige is conspicuous in every word and action. If Mrs. Gerrarde is not as highly polished as some women are, who, perhaps, have had a more enlarged education, she makes full amends for it by a perfect good humour, a sprightliness always entertaining, and a quickness of thought that gives her conversation an air.



air of something very *like* wit, and which I dare say passes for the thing itself with most people.

*July 24.*—I have returned lady V—'s visit, and am more delighted with her than before. Mr. Arnold went with me; but my lord not being at home, he went to ramble about the grounds, so that I had a long *tête à tête* with lady V—. She is an admirable woman, so fine an understanding, such delicacy of sentiment, and such an unaffected complaisance in her manner, that I do not wonder my lord perfectly adores her. There is a tenderness, a maternal kindness in her behaviour towards me, that fills me at once with love and reverence for her; and, next to my Cecilia, I think I never met with any woman whom I could so highly esteem as lady V—. She is an admirable mistress of her needle, and every room in her house exhibits some production of a very fine genius, united with very great industry: for there are beds, chairs, and carpets, besides some very pretty rural

prospects in pannels, executed with inimitable skill, and very excellent taste. She tells me, if I will give her leave to bring her work with her, she will live whole days with me.

I am rejoiced now that Mr. Arnold thought of coming to South-park. How valuable is the acquaintance of such a woman as lady V—! and I might never have known her, but for a circumstance to which I was at first so averse. And then my agreeable lively Mrs. Gerrarde! My acquaintance at Arnold-abbey begin to fade upon my memory: to say the truth, I think of none of them with pleasure, but Mrs. Vere, and my good humoured old dean.

*August 4.*—Mrs. Gerrade is a little faucy monopolist; she grumbles if I do not see her every day, and is downright jealous of my intimacy with lady V—. They are acquainted, but I don't find there is a very close intercourse between them: Mrs. Gerrarde says, her ladyship is too good a housewife for her; and as  
she

she is not very fond of needle-work herself, she cannot endure people that are always poring over a frame. I find indeed, that this sprightly rogue is fonder of cards than of work; she draws Mr. Arnold and me in very often for a pool at piquet: at her house I am obliged to submit; but at my own, I often take up a book, when she and Mr. Arnold are engaged at their game, and make them decide the contest between them. Nay, I threaten that I will, some night or other, steal to-bed, and leave them; for she is unconscionable at late hours; and as she lives very near us, and keeps a chariot, she does not scruple to go home at any hour of the night. What a pity it is so amiable a woman should be thus fondly attached to so unprofitable an amusement! for I begin to see play is her foible; though, to do her justice, she never engages but for very trifling sums, and that only in our own little domestic way. But this passion may grow upon her, and she may be led unawares into the losing more than her fortune can bear.

*August 12.*—I never was so disconcerted as I have been this day: you will be surprized when I tell you, it was by my good lady V—. She came to pass the day with me, Mr. Arnold being engaged abroad.

We were both sitting at work in the parlour: lady V— had continued silent for a good while; at last looking at me with a most benign smile, for I had at the same instant cast my eyes at her; I was just then thinking, my dear Mrs. Arnold, said she, that I once (though perhaps you did not know it) flattered myself with the hopes of being related to you. Her words threw me into confusion, though I did not know their meaning. It would have been both an honour and a happiness to me, madam, I replied, though I don't know by what means I was ever likely to possess it. She continued smiling, but seemed in suspense whether she should proceed. You will pardon my curiosity, my dear, said she, but give me leave to ask, whether Mr. Arnold was not once near losing the happiness he now enjoys? I felt my face glow

glow as she spoke. There was once a treaty of marriage on foot, madam, I answered, between me and another gentleman. I am sorry I mentioned it, said my lady, observing my confusion; but as I was no stranger to the affair while it was transacting, and Mr. Faulkland is a kinsman of mine, I hope you will forgive my inquisitiveness; for I own I have a curiosity, which I believe nobody but yourself can gratify; and if I did not think you the most candid, as well as the best tempered creature living, I durst not push my inquiry. My lord, you are to know, was in London at the time Mr. Faulkland was first introduced to you; and as they are extremely fond of each other, Mr. Faulkland did not scruple to disclose his passion to him, nor the success it then appeared likely to be crowned with, giving him at the same time such a character of you, as I have since found you deserve.

When my lord returned to V—hall, which he was obliged to do very soon after Mr. Faulkland had made this disco-



very to him, he informed me of the alliance my cousin Faulkland was going to make; and we were pleasing ourselves with the thoughts of congratulating him on his happiness, when we received a letter from him that put an end to all our expectations; this letter contained but four distracted lines: he told my lord, in broken sentences, that he had lost all hopes of Miss Bidulph; that an act of indiscretion had been construed into a capital crime; and that being banished from the presence of the woman he adored, he was immediately about to bid adieu to England, perhaps for ever.

This was the substance of what he wrote to us: we have heard from him since a few times, but he never cleared up the matter to us, nor ever so much as mentioned it. I have not been in London since; my lord has; but he never could get any light into the mystery: he heard from some of our friends, who knew of the intended match, that it was broke off nobody knew why. There were, however, several idle surmises thrown out;

out; some laid the blame on Mr. Faulkland, and some on you; but the truth I believe remains still a secret. Now, my dear, if my curiosity is improper, or if there was any particular motive to this disappointment of my kinsman's hopes, which you don't choose to reveal, forgive my inquiry, and think no more of it; but take up that book, and read to me while I work.

Though my lady gave me this kind opportunity of evading her question, I did not lay hold of it: I did not indeed choose to reveal the whole of this affair, because I did not think myself at liberty to divulge Miss Burchell's secret, however I might discover my own. I told my lady in general terms, that though Mr. Faulkland might pretend to a lady every way my superior, yet there was an objection to him of no small weight with us; that my mother had been informed of a very recent piece of gallantry he had had with a person of some condition; and that it had disgusted her so much, she could not think of uniting me with a  
man

man whose passions were not a little more staid; and that this was the sole reason of her dislike to a gentleman, who was in every other respect unexceptionable. I am glad it was no worse, said lady V—, smiling; I am sure Mr. Faulkland is not capable of a *base* action; youthfull follies he may have had, though I believe as few even of those to answer for as most men of his years. I make not the least doubt, however, that lady Bidulph was guided by prudence in what she did. She certainly could not be too cautious in the disposal of *such* a child as you; and whatever Mr. Faulkland's disappointment may be, *you* I hope are happy. Lady V— looked at me as she pronounced these words, with an inquisitive, though tender regard. I was glad of an opportunity of enlarging on the merits of Mr. Arnold, and told her, I was as happy as my heart could wish, or the worthiest of men could make me. I am glad of it, said she, with a quickness in her voice; but don't imagine, my dear Mrs. Arnold (and she took me by the hand) that I introduced

roduced this conversation merely to gratify a curiosity which I fear you must condemn in your private thoughts, though you have been so good as to satisfy it: I had another reason, a much stronger one. What is it, dear madam? almost starting with apprehensions of I did not know what. Don't be alarmed, said she, smiling, it is only this; a great aunt of Mr. Faulkland's is lately dead, who has left him a considerable personal estate, and he is coming over to take possession of it; otherwise I don't know when we should have seen him in England. My lord had a letter very lately from him; he was then at Turin, where he had met with our eldest son, who is now on his travels: he told us he had letters and some tokens of love to deliver us from him; and that he should immediately on his arrival in England come to V—hall, where he would pass a month with us. Now as we expect him daily, I had a mind to apprize you of his intended visit, that you might not be surprized, by perhaps unexpectedly meeting him at my house. I thanked her ladyship  
for

for her obliging caution, though I thought it had something in it that mortified me. I told her, that though I should not seek to renew my acquaintance with Mr. Faulkland, I had yet no reason to avoid him. Lady V——, who is extremely quick of apprehension, replied, Without doubt, madam, you have not; but you might be surprized at seeing him notwithstanding.

She presently turned the discourse: but made me happy the whole day, by that inexhaustible fund of good sense and improving knowlege of which she is mistress.

Mr. Arnold came not home till very late; he complains that he is got into a knot of acquaintance that like the bottle too well; but I am sure his natural sobriety is such, that it will not be in the power of example to lead him into intemperance; though I am vexed he has fallen into such acquaintance, because I know drinking is disagreeable to him: yet a country gentleman must sometimes give a little into it, to avoid the character of being singular.

*August*



*August 22.*—Surprized I was not, because I came prepared; but I own I was abashed at seeing Mr. Faulkland to-day. Mr. Arnold and I were invited to dine at lord V——'s, and his lordship, and his guest, came in from the fields, where they had been walking, just as we were ready to sit down to table.

There happened to be a good deal more company; Mr. Faulkland was not introduced; so that there was no room for any thing constrained or improper of either side. I presently recovered the little embarrassment, that his first entrance into the room occasioned. I am sure nobody took notice of it; for dinner being immediately served, there was a sort of bustle in hurrying out of the drawing-room. The crowd we had at table destroyed all conversation; and nothing particular was said during dinner. Lady V— soon withdrew, and all her female friends followed her. I observed she frequently glanced her penetrating eyes at Mr. Faulkland, while we were at table, but I did not choose to make any observations.

tions on him. We had not been long seated at our coffee, when four of the gentlemen slipped from their company and came to us: these were Mr. Arnold, Mr. Faulkland, and two others. My lord is pretty free at his bottle, and none of these gentlemen I suppose were fond of that entertainment. Lady V— and I were sitting on a couch: I called to Mr. Arnold, and placed him between us: Mr. Faulkland approached me, and then, for the first time, with a respectful distance, inquired after my mother and Sir George, telling me he had missed of the latter when he was in London, being told he was at Sidney Castle. After a few more indifferent questions, he took a dish of coffee, and retired with it to a window. Mr. Arnold asked me in a whisper, if I was acquainted with Mr. Faulkland; I could only answer, that I was formerly very well acquainted with him. Nothing more passed between Mr. Faulkland and me the whole evening: he returned soon to the company in the next room, and I saw no more of him.

I can

I can with the utmost sincerity assure my Cecilia, that I now behold Mr. Faulkland with as much indifference as I do any other man of my acquaintance. Time, joined to my own efforts, must, without any other help, have intirely subdued an inclination which was always restrained by prudential motives, and rendered subservient to my duty; but I have, besides this, now acquired a shield that must render me invulnerable; I mean the perfect and tender affection I bear my husband: this has completely secured me against the most distant apprehensions of being alarmed from any other quarter; yet notwithstanding all this, I can't say that I am quite satisfied at this renewal of my acquaintance with Mr. Faulkland. I hope, and indeed it is reasonable to suppose, that I have now as little interest in *his* heart as he has in mine: it is but natural to believe that a gay young man, like him, should not be so weak as to nourish a hopeless passion for more than two years, especially as he has never once seen the object of it in all that time; and must,  
without

without doubt, have had his attention engaged to others in all likelihood much preferable to her; so that I think I have reason to be as easy on his account as on my own. But still I am disquieted in my mind; I have a delicacy that takes alarm at the veriest trifles, and has been a source of pain to me my whole life-time: it makes me unhappy to think that I am now under an almost unavoidable necessity of sometimes seeing and conversing with a man, who once had such convincing proofs that he was not indifferent to me.

Mr Arnold's ignorance of our former connections makes it still worse. At the time I was so averse to his knowing any thing of this affair, I flattered myself I should never see Mr. Faulkland more, or at least never be obliged to have any intercourse with him; but I now lament that I did not take my mother's advice, and disclose the whole affair at first. Oh, my Cecilia! when the smallest deviations from candor (which we suppose discretion) are thus punished with remorse, what must they

they feel whose whole life is one continued act of dissimulation? If Mr. Arnold had been acquainted with my former engagements, my heart would be more at ease, and I should then converse with this man with all the disengaged freedom of a common friend. I wish Mr. Arnold's curiosity would excite him to ask me some questions relative to my acquaintance with Mr. Faulkland, that I might have an opportunity of telling him the secret. But the inquiry he made at lady V—'s was in a careless manner; he was satisfied with my reply, and spoke not of him since.

You will laugh perhaps when I tell you that I have not courage to mention it first: Mr. Faulkland is reckoned a very fine gentleman, and I think it would have such an air of vanity to tell my husband that I refused him: then it would bring on such a train of explanations, and poor Miss Burchell's history must come out; for a husband on such a subject might be disgusted with concealments of any kind; and I doubt whether even some circumstances in my particular share of this story  
might



might not displease him. In short, I am bewildered, and know not what to wish for; but must e'en let things take their course, and rest satisfied in the integrity of my own heart.

*August 26.*—Oh, my dear! I am mortified to the last degree, lest Mr. Arnold should, from some indiscreet tongue, have received a hint of my former engagement; he may think me disingenuous for never having mentioned it, especially since Mr. Faulkland has been in the neighbourhood: I think his nature is too open to entertain any suspicions essentially injurious to me; yet may this affair, circumstanced as it is, make an unfavourable impression on him. I wish I had been before-hand with any officious whisperer: he has got so many new acquaintance, and is so much abroad, that the story may have reached his ears. God forbid it should affect his mind with causeless uneasiness; I would Mr Faulkland were a thousand miles from V— hall. I think Mr. Arnold is altered since his arrival

rival there—Colder he appears to be—I hope I but *fancy* it—yet there *is* a change—his looks are less kind—his voice has lost that tenderness that it used to have in speaking to me—yet this may only be his temper—a man cannot always be a lover—Oh, I sicken at the very thought of Mr. Arnold's entertaining a doubt of my true affection for him! I would not live in this suspense for millions. I would rather he should treat me roughly—if I discovered that to be his humour, though it would frighten me, yet should I patiently conform to it.

*August 30.*———That which was ever the terror of my thoughts is come upon me—Mr. Arnold—Ah, my dear Cecilia! Mr. Arnold is no longer the same! Coldness and indifference have at length succeeded to love, to complacency, and the fondest attention—What a change! but the *cause*, my dear! that remains a secret locked up in his own breast. It cannot be that a whisper, an idle rumour should affect him thus. What if he *has* heard  
that

that Mr. Faulkland loved me once? That we were to have been married? Cannot he ask me the question? I long to set his heart at ease,—yet cannot mention the affair first after so long a silence; it would look like a consciousness. A consciousness of what? I have nothing to accuse myself of.

*September 1.*—I am no longer in doubt.—The cause, the fatal cause of Mr. Arnold's change, is discovered. This miserable day has disclosed the secret to me: a black, a complicated scene of mischief.

- Mr. Arnold rode out this morning.
- He told me he was to dine with a gentleman at some miles distance, and should not return till late in the evening.

He was but just gone, when a lady of my acquaintance called in upon me, to request I would go with her to a play that was to be performed at night. You must know we have had a company of players in the neighbourhood for some time past, and it was to one of those  
poor

poor people's benefits that she desired my company. I promised to attend her, though you know I don't much admire those sort of entertainments in the country, and seldom go to them.

The lady and her husband called upon me at the appointed hour, and I went with them in their coach. The place which the players had fitted up for their purpose, had formerly been a pretty large school-room, and could, with the addition of a gallery (which they had made) with ease contain above three hundred people. The play had been bespoke by some of the principal ladies in the neighbourhood, who had used all their interest for the performer, so that the house was as full as it could hold. The audience consisting chiefly of fashionable people, it was with difficulty that we reached the places which were kept for us in the pit, as they happened to be on the bench next the stage, and the door was at the other end of the house. The first object that I observed on my coming in was Mr. Faulkland; he bowed to me at a distance, but made no attempts to approach



approach me. The play was come to the latter end of the fourth act, and the curtain was let down to make some preparation on the stage, when we were alarmed with the cry of fire.

It happened that the carpenters, who had been employed in fitting up this extempore theatre, had left a heap of shavings in a little place behind the stage, which had been converted into a dressing-room; a little boy belonging to the company had found a candle in it, and having piled up the shavings, set them on fire, and left them burning: the flame communicated itself to some dry boards which lay in the room, and in a few minutes the whole was in a blaze. Some persons who heard the crackling of wood, opened the door, when the flame burst out with such violence, that the scenes were presently on fire, and the curtain, which as I told you was dropt, soon caught it.

The consternation and terror of the poor people, whose *all* was destroying, is not to be described: the women skrieking,



ing, threw themselves off the stage into the pit, as the smoke and flames terrified them from attempting to get out any other way, though there was a door behind the stage.

The audience were in little less confusion than they; for as the house was composed chiefly of wood, every one expected it would soon be consumed to ashes.

The horror and distraction of my mind almost deprived me of the power of motion. My life was in imminent danger; for I was scorched with the fire, before I could get at any distance from the stage, though the people were rushing out as fast as they could.

The lady who was with me was exceedingly frightened; but being under her husband's care, had a little more courage than I had. He caught her round the waist, and lifted her over the benches, which were very high, giving me what assistance he could with his other hand. But the terror and hurry I was in occasioned my foot to slip, and I fell between two of the benches, and sprained my ankle.

Some people pushing to get out, rushed between me and my company; the excessive pain I felt, joined to my fright, made me faint away; in this condition Mr. Faulkland found me, and carried me out in his arms; for my companion was too anxious for her own safety, to suffer her husband to stay to give me any assistance, so that he had only time to beg of the men about him not to let me perish.

I soon recovered, upon being carried into the open air, and found myself seated on some planks, at a little distance from the booth, Mr. Faulkland supporting me, and two or three other people about me, whom he had called to my assistance.

Indebted to him as I was for saving my life, my spirits were at that time too much agitated to thank him as I ought.

He told me he had stepped behind the scenes to speak to somebody, and was there when the stage took fire; that he then ran to give what assistance he could to the ladies that were in the house (observe he distinguished not *me* in particular) and

and had just come in when he saw me meet with the accident which had occasioned my fainting away, and when the gentleman, who was with me, was calling for help, but at the same time getting out as fast as he could.

I now began to recollect myself; I was uneasy at Mr. Faulkland's presence; I wished him away. I beseeched him to return once more to the booth, to see if every one had got out safe, for I told him I had seen several of my female acquaintance there, for whom I was alarmed. With the assistance of the people who were about me, I said I could make a shift to get to the nearest house, which was not above a hundred yards off, from whence I should send home for my chariot, which I had ordered to come to me after the play. He begged I would give him leave to see me safe to that house, but I would not permit him; and he left me in the care of two women and a man, who had come to be spectators of the fire.

With the help of these people, I contrived

trived to hobble (for my ankle pained me exceedingly) to the place I mentioned, which happened to be a public house. All the rooms below were full, and the woman of the house very obligingly helped me up stairs into her own chamber. I called for a glass of water, which was immediately brought me, and I desired the woman to send some one to my house, which was about a mile's distance, to order my chariot to come to me immediately.

While the woman went to execute my instructions, I had thrown myself into a chair that stood close to the wainscot. I heard a bell ring, and presently a waiter entered, and asked if I wanted any thing; I told him, No. He ran hastily out of the room, and entering the next to that where I was sitting, I heard a voice, which I knew to be Mr. Arnold's, ask, Were the servants found? The man replying that they were not; Then, said Mr. Arnold, tell your mistress she will oblige me if she will let me have her chaise to carry this lady home. The waiter presently withdrew, and

and without reflecting on the particularity of Mr. Arnold's being there with a lady, about whom I formed no conjectures, I was about to rise off my chair to go in to him; but being almost disabled from walking, I was obliged to creep along, holding by the wainscot; when a tender exclamation of Mr. Arnold's stopped me. My dearest creature, said he to his companion, you have not yet recovered your fright. A female voice answered him with some fond expressions, which I could not hear distinctly enough to discover whose it was; but I was soon put out of doubt, when the lady added, in a louder tone, Do you know that your wife was at the play to-night? Mr. Arnold answered, No; I hope she did not see me. Mrs. Gerrarde (for I perceived it was she who spoke) replied, I hope not, because perhaps she might expect you home after the the play. Though Mr. Arnold, in his first emotion of surprize at hearing that I was at the play, was only anxious lest I should have observed him, yet he was not so lost to humanity as to be indifferent whether



I escaped the flames or not: I am surprized I did not see her, said he; I wish she may have got out of the house safe. You are very solicitous about her, replied Mrs. Gerrarde, peevishly; there was one there perhaps as anxious for her preservation as you are—The conversation I found here was likely to become extremely critical for me; but I was prevented from hearing any more by the woman of the house, who just then entered the room to ask me how I did, and to know if I wanted any thing.

I had heard enough to convince me that my presence would be very unacceptable both to Mr. Arnold and his companion, and I resolved not to interrupt them; nor, if possible, ever let Mr. Arnold know that I had made a discovery so fatal to my own peace, and so disadvantageous to him and his friend.

The messenger who had been dispatched for my chariot met it by the way, and was now returned with it; I was told that it was at the door; and it was  
with

with difficulty I got down stairs, leaning on the woman of the house.

I found Mr. Faulkland at the door; he saw that I wished to disengage myself from him after he had carried me out of the booth; and though probably he did not take the trouble to execute the sham commission I gave him, which was indeed with no other view than to get him away, yet I believe he had too much respect to intrude on me; and came then with no other design than to inquire if my chariot had come for me, and how I was after the terrible condition he had left me in, sitting at night in the open air, with nobody but two or three ordinary people about me, and those strangers. This was a piece of civility which humanity, had politeness been out of the question, would have obliged him to. He told me the fire was extinguished, and happily nobody had received any hurt; and that he had only called at that house to know if I were safe, and recovered from the fright and pain he had left me in. I thanked him, and was just

stepping, assisted by Mr. Faulkland, into the chariot, when Mr. Arnold appeared at the door: he was alone, and I concluded, that having heard the chariot rattle up the court-yard, he supposed it was the carriage he had ordered for Mrs. Gerrarde, and came down to see if it was ready to receive her.

The light which the servant, who attended me out, held in his hand, immediately discovered Mr. Arnold and me to each other. I could easily distinguish surprise mixed with displeasure in his countenance. He asked me abruptly, How I came to that place? which I told him in a few words. The cold civility of a grave bow passed between him and Mr. Faulkland, who leaving me in my husband's hands, wished me a good night, and got into my lord V—'s coach, which waited for him.

Though I knew, from the discourse I had overheard, that Mr. Arnold did not mean to go home with me, yet as I was now seated in the chariot, I could not avoid asking him. He told me he was engaged

engaged to sup with company at that house, and that probably he should not be at home till late. I knew this beforehand, and without troubling him with any further questions, drove home.

I have thrown together the strange occurrences of this evening, as well as the tumult of my spirits would give me leave: I shall now lay down my pen to consider of them a little more calmly. My heart sinks in me—Oh, that I had remained in ignorance!—

Is it possible, my Cecilia, that Mr. Arnold, so good a man, one who married me too for love, and who for these two years has been the tenderest, the kindest husband, and to whom I never gave the most distant shadow of offence, should at last be led into—I cannot name it—dare not think of it—yet a hundred circumstances recur to my memory, which now convince me I am unhappy! If I had not been blind, I might have seen it sooner, I recollect some passages, which satisfy me that Mr. Arnold's acquaintance with Mrs. Gerrarde did not commence

at South-park. I remember lady V—— once asked me, Had she and I been acquainted in London? I said, No. My lord laughed, and in his blunt way said, I will swear your husband was, for I have seen him hand her out from the play more than once. I never asked Mr. Arnold about this; it made no impression on me at the time it was spoke, and went quickly out of my thoughts.

'Tis one o'clock: I hear Mr. Arnold ring at the outer gate; I tremble all over, and feel as if I feared to see him. Yet why should I fear; I have not injured him.

September 2.——Mr. Arnold staid long enough in his dressing-room after he came in last night, to give me time to go to bed before he came up stairs. Not a word passed between us: I slept not the the whole night; whether he did or not I cannot tell. He asked me this morning, when I rose, how I did: I told him in great pain. My ankle was prodigiously swelled, and turned quite black, for I  
had



had neglected it last night. He said, you had better let a surgeon see it, and went carelessly out of the room. How new is unkindness to me, my friend! you know I have not been used to it. Mr. Arnold adds cruelty to—but let it be so; far be reproaches or complaints from my lips; to you only, my second self, shall I utter them; to you I am bound by solemn promise, and reciprocal confidence, to disclose the inmost secrets of my soul, and with you they are as safe as in my own breast.—

I am once more composed, and determined on my behaviour. I have not a doubt remaining of Mr. Arnold's infidelity; but let me not aggravate my own griefs, nor to a vicious world justify my husband's conduct, by bringing any reproach on my own. The silent sufferings of the injured must, to a mind not ungenerous, be a sharper rebuke than it is in the power of language to inflict.

But this is not all: I must endeavour, if possible, to screen Mr. Arnold from  
censure.

censure. I hope his own imprudence may not render these endeavours ineffectual. I am resolved not to drop my acquaintance with Mrs. Gerrarde. While we continue upon a footing of seeming intimacy, the frequent visits, which I am sure Mr. Arnold makes at her house, will be less taken notice of.

How Sir George would triumph at the knowledge of Mr. Arnold's deviating from virtue! How my poor mother would be amazed and afflicted! But I will, as far as lies in my power, disappoint the malice of my stars; my mother shall have no cause to grieve, nor my brother to rejoice; the secret shall die with me in my own bosom, and I will wait patiently till the hand of time applies a remedy to my grief.—Mrs. Gerrarde sent a message to inquire how I did. Conscious woman! she would not come herself, though she knew not I had discovered her.

My dear good lady V— hurried to see me the instant she had breakfasted: Mr. Faulkland had told her of my disaster,

and her tenderness soothed and comforted me much. She sat by my bedside two hours, and her discourse alleviated the pain both of my mind and body; but now she has left me, I must again recur to the subject that wrings my heart. Mr. Arnold is enslaved to one of the most artful of her sex. I look upon his attachment to be the more dangerous, as I believe it is the first of the kind he ever had; and no woman was ever more formed to please and to deceive, than she who now holds him in her chains. Into what hands am I fallen! Mrs. Gerrarde must have heard my story, and by the hint I heard her drop, what cruel misrepresentations may she have made to Mr. Arnold! Mr. Faulkland she can have no enmity to; but me she certainly hates, for she has injured me.

'Tis noon: I have not seen Mr. Arnold since morning; he has been abroad ever since he rose; Good God! is this the life I am condemned to lead?

A new scene of affliction is opened to me: surely my fate is drawing towards a crisis.

Mr.

Mr. Arnold has just left me. What a conversation have we had!

- After entering my room, he walked about for some minutes without speaking; at last stopping short, and fixing his eyes upon me, How long have you, said he, been acquainted with Mr. Faulkland? I told him my acquaintance began with him some months before I was married. He was once your lover I am informed. He was, and a treaty of marriage was concluded on between us. You would have been happier, perhaps, madam, if it had taken place. I do not think so Mr. Arnold; you have no reason to suppose I do. I had a very great objection to Mr. Faulkland, and obeyed my mother willingly, when she forbid me to see him. I ask not what that objection was, said he; but I suppose, madam, you will without reluctance obey *me*. If I make the same request to you. Most chearfully; you cannot make a request with which I should more readily comply. But let me beseech you, Mr. Arnold, to tell me what part of my behaviour has given you cause to think such  
a pro-

a prohibition necessary? I do not say, answered Mr. Arnold, that I have any suspicion of your virtue; but your acquiescence in this particular is necessary to *my* peace and your *own* honour. A lady's being *married* does not cut off the hopes of a gay man. You give me your promise that you will not see him any more. I *do*, said I; I will give up lady V—, whose acquaintance I so much esteem: I will go no more to her house while Mr. Faulkland continues there; and I know of no other family, where I visit, that he is acquainted with.

My pride would not suffer me to inquire where he had got this information: I already knew it too well; and fearing he would rather descend to an untruth than tell me his author, I declined any farther questions. He seemed satisfied with my promise, but quickly left me, as if the whole end of his visit to me was accomplished in having obtained it.

September 8.—What painful minutes am I obliged to sustain! Mrs. Gerrarde  
has



has been to see me, gay and assured as ever. She affected to condole with us on the accident that happened to my foot, with such an overstrained concern, such a tender solicitude, that her insincerity disgusted me, if possible, more than the other part of her behaviour. She told me, she herself had been at the play, but very luckily had got out without receiving any injury. I said, I was surprized I had not seen her there. O, replied she, I was in a little snug corner, where nobody could see me; for having refused to go with some ladies that asked me, I did not choose to be visible in the house, and so squeezed myself up into what they called their gallery, for I took nobody with me but my maid. Audacious woman!—Is it not strange, my dear, that Mr. Arnold could be so weak as to humour her in the absurd frolick of going with her to such a place? For so it must have been; or perhaps she appointed him only to call for her at the play; and he might have arrived but just in time to assist

assist her in getting out. No matter which it was.

*September 9.*—I was born to sacrifice my own peace to that of other people; my life is become miserable, but I have no remedy for it but patience.

Mr. Arnold spends whole days abroad; at night we are separated on account of my indisposition; so that we hardly ever converse together. What a dreadful prospect have I before me! O Cecilia, may you never experience the bitterness of having your husband's heart alienated from you!

Lady V——, that best of creatures, is with me constantly; she presses me to come to her house as my ankle is now pretty well, yet I am obliged to excuse myself. I am distressed to the last degree at the conduct I shall be forced to observe towards her, yet dare not explain the motive. Causeless jealousy is always the subject of ridicule, and at all events Mr. Arnold must not be exposed to this.

*September 12.*—I am weary of inventing  
ing

ing excuses or absenting myself from V—hall. My lady has done soliciting me, yet continues her friendly and affectionate visits; I fear she guesses my situation, though she has not as yet hinted at it; but her forbearing to press me any more on the subject of going to her, and at the same time not requiring a reason for this breach of civility as well as friendship, convinces me, that she suspects the cause of my restraint. I am now perfectly recovered, yet do I still confine myself to my house, to avoid as much as possible giving umbrage to lady V—: but this restraint cannot last much longer; Mrs. Gerrarde teazes me to come to her, and I have promised to make her my first visit.

*September 15.*—Said I not that my fate was near its crisis? Where will this impending ruin end! Take, my Cecilia, the occurrences of this frightful day.

Mr. Arnold rode out this morning, and told me he should not return till night. He asked me, with that indifference which

which now accompanies all his words, How I meant to dispose of myself for the day? I told him, I had no design of going abroad, and should spend my time in reading, or at my needle. This was my real intention; but Mr. Arnold had but just left the house, when I received a message from Mrs. Gerrarde to know how I did, and to tell me she was not well, and much out of spirits, or she would come and pass the day with me; but that she insisted on my dining with her. As I had told Mr. Arnold I did not mean to go out, I really had neither intention nor inclination to do so. But shall I confess my weakness to you? I suspected that he purposed spending the day (as he often did) with Mrs. Gerrarde, and the more so from the question he had asked me on his going abroad; he thought I might probably pay her a visit; and this in reason was a circumstance he had a mind to be guarded against, by knowing beforehand my designs. I had not been to see Mrs. Gerrarde since my recovery, and it was natural to suppose I would return her visits. Possessed

ferred as I was with this opinion, her message gave me a secret satisfaction, as it served to convince me Mr. Arnold was not to be with her, for she generally detained me late when I went to her house. From what trivial circumstances will the afflicted draw consolation, or an additional weight of grief! So it was; I felt a sort of pleasure in thinking, that for all that day at least Mr. Arnold would absent himself from my rival!—My rival! mean word, she is not worthy to be called so—from his mistress let it be. In short, I resolved to go, especially as she had sent me word she was not well, and I knew my husband would be pleased with my compliance.

I went accordingly to her house a little before her hour of dining, which is much later than any body's else in this part of the world. I found her dressed out, and seemingly in perfect health. She looked surprized when she saw me; and I then supposed that she hoped to have received a denial from me, and was disappointed at my coming; though I wondered



dered that the answer she received to her message had not prepared her. This thought rushed into my mind in an instant, and I was sure she expected Mr. Arnold. I told her, If I had thought I should have found her so well, that her message should not have brought me to her; for that I had determined not to stir out that day, till her invitation prevailed on me to change my mind. Sure, my dear, said she, there must have been some mistake in delivering the message to you; it was for to-morrow I desired the pleasure of your company to dine with me; for to-day I am absolutely engaged. However, I am very glad you are come, for I shall not go out till seven o'clock. I was vexed and mortified: Either your servant or mine made a mistake, said I, for I was told you desired to see me to-day; besides you sent me word you were not well. She seemed a little abashed at this: I *was* very ill in the morning, she said; and though I was engaged to spend the evening abroad, did intend to have sent an excuse; but finding myself better, I changed my purpose.

Dinner

Dinner was immediately served, and I sat down, but with a reluctance that prevented me from eating. I would have taken my leave soon after dinner, but Mrs. Gerrarde insisted on my staying, and told me if I refused her, she should think I had taken something amiss of her. She called for cards; I suffered myself to be persuaded, and we fell to piquet.

I played with disgust, and without attention, every minute wishing to break away. Coffee was at length brought in; I begged to be excused from staying, telling Mrs. Gerrarde, I was sure I prevented her from going abroad, but she would take no denial. I was constrained to take a dish of coffee, and was hastening to get it down when the parlour door flew open, and lo! Mr. Faulkland entered the room. If an object the most horrible to human nature had appeared before me, it could not at that instant have shocked me half so much. I let the cup and saucer drop from hand: to say I turned pale, trembled, and was ready to faint, would be too feeble a description of the effect

effect this spectre had on me. I was senseless, I almost died away. Mrs. Gerrarde pretended to be greatly alarmed; she ran for drops, and having given me a few in a glass of water, I made a shift to rise of my chair, and telling her I should be glad of a little air, tottered to the street door. I determined to go home directly, but the universal tremor I was now in, disabled me from walking, and I sat down in the porch to recover myself a little. Mr. Faulkland's having been a witness to the agony his presence had thrown me into, did not a little aggravate the horror and confusion of my thoughts. Whatever *his* were, he had not spoke to me, nor was it possible for me to have remarked his behaviour: I staid not more than two minutes in the parlour after he entered. In this situation you will think my distress would hardly admit of any addition; but the final blow was yet to come. Mrs. Gerrarde had staid a minute in the parlour to speak to Mr. Faulkland after I went out, but presently followed me, and was soothing me with

with the kindest expressions, when I heard the trampling of horses, and I presently beheld Mr. Arnold alighting at the door. I now gave myself up for lost. My mind suddenly suggested to me that Mrs. Gerrarde had contrived a plot upon my innocence; but how she had been able to bring it about, my thoughts were not then disengaged enough to conceive. My mind was all a chaos; I was not able to answer Mr. Arnold when he spoke to me. He soon perceived my disorder, and inquired the cause. Mrs. Gerrarde took upon her to answer, that I was just preparing to go home, when I was taken suddenly ill. I was going abroad, said she, and as I ordered the chariot much about this hour, I fancy it is ready, and may as well carry Mrs. Arnold home; you had best step into the parlour, my dear (to me) till it is brought to the door.

I am now able to walk, madam, said I; there is no occasion to give you that trouble. Mr. Arnold said, I should not walk by any means; and Mrs. Gerrarde immediately calling to a servant to order  
the

the chariot to the door, said, as she was going out, she would leave me at home herself. Mr. Arnold answered, it would be the best way, and that he should follow soon. The chariot was presently at the door. and I was preparing to get into it, when Mrs. Gerrarde cry'd, Bless me I had forgot, it will not be so civil to leave the gentleman behind, without saying any thing to him. Mr. Arnold hastily asked, What gentleman? Mrs. Gerrarde replied, Mr. Faulkland, *who took it into his head* to make me a visit this evening. She went quickly into the parlour, and strait returned with Mr. Faulkland; who bowing carelessly to Mr. Arnold, and civilly to me, walked away.

Mrs. Gerrarde stepped into the chariot to me, and ordered it to drive to my house, leaving Mr. Arnold standing motionless at her door.

A total silence prevailed on my side during our short journey home, except to answer in monosyllables Mrs. Gerrarde's repeated inquiries after my health. She set me down at my own door, and took



her leave without alighting. When I found myself alone, I began to consider the consequences of this evening's fatal interview; an interview, which, though unthought of by me, I judged was contrived to ensnare me. I laid all the circumstances together, and endeavoured to unravel the clue. 'Tis plain to me Mr. Arnold was expected by Mrs. Gerrarde this evening. She sent for me on purpose to betray me; the message, which she pretended was delivered wrong, was only an artifice, in order to impose on Mr. Arnold, that he might imagine she did not expect me. Indeed, he could not possibly think she should send for me on the very evening he was to be with her; and she had so well guarded her contrivance, that it was not easily to be detected. She had sent her message by word of mouth, though she generally wrote them down on paper, but this way would not have been liable to misconstruction; she had told me she was engaged in the evening, yet detained me longer than I meant to stay. From the first of these circumstan-

ces, it must appear to Mr. Arnold, that as I had come unwished for, she wanted to get rid of me; the latter obviously served her own purpose; for it is as clear as daylight that she laid her plan so as that Mr. Arnold should find Mr. Faulkland and me together. All this I have deduced from a long train of reasoning on the circumstances. But the inexplicable part of the mystery is, how she contrived to get Mr. Faulkland, with whom I did not think she was acquainted, to visit her at so fatally critical a juncture. Sure some evil spirit must have assisted her in this wicked scheme: she knew, no doubt, of the promise Mr. Arnold had exacted of me, never to see him. The apparent breach of this promise, she may have art enough to persuade Mr. Arnold was concerted on my side. But I hope I shall be able to clear myself of this cruel imputation to my husband. Truth *must* force its way into his mind, if he is not resolved on my destruction. Perhaps Mr. Faulkland may be secretly Mrs. Gerrarde's admirer, and Mr. Arnold is the dupe to

her perfidy, as I am the sacrifice to her malice and licentiousness.—'Tis all a strange riddle, but I cannot remain long in this dismal state of suspense; Mr. Arnold, perhaps, may discover her treachery, while she is endeavouring to destroy me in his good opinion.

I am waiting here like a poor criminal, in expectation of appearing before my judge. I wish Mr. Arnold were come in, yet I dread to see him.

I might have spared myself the anxiety. Mr. Arnold is just returned, but he has locked himself into another chamber. I will not molest him to-night! to-morrow, perhaps, he may be in better temper, and I may be able to justify myself to him, and dispel this frightful gloom that hangs over us.

*September 14.*——Hopes and fears are at an end, and the measure of my afflictions is filled up.

I went to bed last night, but slept not; the hours were passed in agonies not to be described. I think all griefs are magnified

fied by silence and darkness. I well knew, prepossessed as Mr. Arnold was by my artful enemy, I should find it difficult to excuse myself, or persuade him, that chance, or Mrs. Gerrarde's more wicked contrivance, had been the sole cause of what had given him such offence. I was resolved, however, to vindicate my innocence, and was, in my own thoughts, preparing my defence the greatest part of the night. Towards morning, weariness and grief overpowered me, and I fell asleep, but I enjoyed not this repose long. Some noise that was made in the house suddenly awakened me; I saw it was broad day, and looking at my watch, found it was past seven o'clock. I rang my bell, and Patty entering my room, I enquired if her master was yet stirring. The poor girl looked aghast. He is gone away on horseback, madam, said she, almost two hours ago; and he ordered his man to put up some linen and a few other things in a small portmanteau. I believe he means not to return to-night; for he bid me to deliver this letter to you. I opened the letter with trem-

bling hands, from whence I received my doom in the following words:

“ You have broke your faith with me, in seeing the man whom I forbid you to see, and whom you so solemnly promised to avoid. As you have betrayed my confidence in this particular, I can no longer rely on your prudence or your fidelity. Whatever your designs may be, it will be less to my dishonour, if you prosecute them from under your husband’s roof. I therefore give you till this day se’nnight to consider of a place for your future abode; for one house must no more contain two people whose hearts are divided. Our children remain with me, and the settlement which was made on you in marriage, shall be appropriated to your separate use.

I have left home to avoid expostulations, nor shall I return to it till I hear you have removed yourself. Spare the attempt of a justification, which can only aggravate the resentment of your already too-much injured husband.”

I have



I have for a while suppressed the tumult in my soul, to give you this shocking letter.

O my Cecilia! what a wretched lot is thy unhappy friend's! To be neglected, forsaken, despised, by a husband that I love! Yet I could bear that: but to be suspected, accused too! to be at once the miserable object of jealousy and scorn! Surely they know nothing of the human heart, who say that jealousy cannot subsist without affection; I have a fatal proof to the contrary. Mr. Arnold loves me not, yet doubts my honour. Cruel, mean, detestable suspicion! Oh that vile woman! 'tis she has done this; like a persecuting dæmon, she urges on the ruin which she set on foot.

What can I do? Whither can I fly? I cannot remain here any longer; my presence banishes Mr. Arnold from his home. If I go to my mother under such circumstances, it will break her heart; yet she must know it. I must not wait to be turned out of my own doors. That thought is not to be borne. I will go this instant, no matter whither.

*September 15.*—God preserve me in my senses! I have passed two days and two nights I know not how; in silence and without food, Patty tells me. But I think I am a little recovered. I will write to my mother, and beg of her to open her arms to receive her miserable child. I am collected enough, and know what to say.

I had just dispatched my letter, incoherent as it is, and blotted with my tears, when Patty brought me one that had come by the post. I knew my dear mother's hand on the superscription, and kissed it before I opened it. See, my sister, how the tenderest of parents writes to her unhappy child, whom she fondly believes to be the darling of her husband, and blessed with domestic felicity.

My beloved Sidney,

I find age and infirmities are advancing apace upon me. My last illness shook me severely, and has left a memorandum of what I may expect in the next visit it makes me. Your family cares are

are now so much enlarged, that I cannot expect, nor do I desire that you should undertake a journey to Sidney Castle to pay me a short visit; yet, my dear, as you are the comfort of my age, I cannot, in the present precarious state of my health, bear to be at such a distance from you; while God permits me strength I will lay hold of his bounty, and endeavour to get to London. You have told me that you are not conveniently circumstanced at South-park as to room; I will not therefore incommode you, but shall content myself with waiting your arrival in town, at your house in St. James's street; but do not hasten your departure from the country on this account. I am in no immediate danger, my dear, only willing to lay hold of an interval of health, to get nearer to you. If God prolongs my life, what joy will it be to me to spend next winter with my darling, and her dear good Arnold, and to feast my eyes with my lovely grandchildren!

If I am called from you, I shall have the comfort of my child's affectionate

hands to close my eyes; and shall leave the world without regret, as I have lived to see my Sidney happy in the arms of a good man, who will supply the loss of parents, and unite in himself those tender ties which nature must soon dissolve.

My prayers for yours, and my dear son's prosperity, I never fail to offer up to heaven. Your brother George is with me, and desires to be remembered to you; he purposes staying here the greatest part of the winter.

As I hope to reach London by the latter end of the week, direct your next to me at your own house in town.

I am,

My dear love,

Your most sincerely  
affectionate mother,

DOROTHY BIDULPH.

My heart is bursting — O Cecilia! What will become of my fond, my dear, venerable parent, when she finds this daughter, this comfort of her age, this beloved of her soul, a poor abandoned  
out-

outcast; lost to her husband's love, turned out of his doors, despised, disgraced! My children too—I must leave them behind—My God, for what calamities hast thou ordained thy creature! Tears, tears, you may well flow!

So! I am relieved, and will endeavour to fortify my soul against the two events, that appear to me horrid as an approaching execution to a guilty wretch, the parting with my children, and the meeting with my mother. As the letter I wrote will miss of her at Sidney Castle, I shall write to London, to prepare her to receive the wretch whom her imagination has figured to her so happy.

Lady V—! I hear her coming up stairs—I cannot conceal my affliction, nor my disgrace.

Lady V— has left me: left me in astonishment and new horror. Mrs. Gerarde! Who do you think Mrs. Gerarde is? She is the aunt of Miss Burchell, that aunt who betrayed her to destruction. Sure this woman was sent into the world for a scourge!

I can



I cannot collect myself to tell you with any method, the conversation that passed between Lady V— and me. She found me with the marks of tears on my face; they streamed again at the sight of her; I could not conceal the cause, and I put Mr. Arnold's letter into her hands, for I was not able to tell her the purport of it.

This is Mrs. Gerrarde's doing, said she: the detestable creature! How could she work on your infatuated husband, to drive him such horrid lengths? I know not, said I, but I hope my lady V— believes me innocent. Innocent! she exclaimed: My dear creature, your sufferings almost make me mad. Do you know that Mrs. Gerrarde has an intrigue with your husband? I fear so, madam, I replied, but I hoped it was not public. Poor child, said lady V---, his attachment to her has been no secret, ever since he came down to this country, though probably you were the last to suspect it. I have often dreaded the consequences of it, but never imagined it would have come  
to

to this; I always had a bad opinion of the woman, and only kept up a face of civility to her in her husband's time, on account of her niece, a charming girl that then lived with her; but since Miss Burchell has left her, I have almost dropt my acquaintance with her; though my lord, who had an old friendship for captain Gerrarde, persuades me to be civil to her.

The name of Miss Burchell had struck me speechless. The clue was now unravelled. With what an unremitting zeal has this base woman gone on in her career of iniquity? Lady V—, who was intirely taken up with the thoughts of my unhappiness, took no notice of my silence or confusion. What do you mean to do, my dear Mrs. Arnold? said she. Do you think it is not possible, by the interposition of friends, to disabuse your unfortunate husband? For unfortunate he is, in a higher degree than yourself, as you have conscious innocence to support you. Oh madam, said I, it is vain to think of it! Mrs. Gerrarde has struck the blow  
 effec-

effectually. Were Mr. Arnold left to the workings of his own heart, he might, perhaps, relent; but that woman, like my evil genius and his, will take care to keep his suspicions alive. She possesses his whole heart, and my removal is become necessary to the quiet of them both. I have taken my resolution, I will immediately quit this house, and leave it to a righteous God to vindicate me in his own time. You should go no where but to my house, said lady V-- , with tears in her eyes, but that I think it an improper situation for you, while Mr. Faulkland is my guest. He will be distracted when he hears of this. I conjured lady V— not to tell him: My being parted from my husband cannot long be a secret, said I, but the cause may. Lady V--- told me that Mr. Faulkland was that very morning set out for Sidney Castle to see my brother, having received a letter from him the day before, in which he told him that my mother was going in a day or two to London, and begged he would come and spend a week with him. She added,

added, Mr. Faulkland purposed doing so, and then to return to V---hall, as my lord had obtained a promise from him to stay some time longer with them; at least till the old lady's affairs were settled, who had left her fortune to Mr. Faulkland, and to whom my lord V— was executor.

I told lady V—, I depended on her friendship to keep this affair a secret from Mr. Faulkland, lest the heat of his temper should make him take such notice of it, as might render my separation from Mr. Arnold doubly injurious to my character. Lady V— saw the necessity of this caution, and promised to observe it. She expressed great surprize at Mr. Faulkland's visiting Mrs. Gerrarde, whom she said, she did not imagine he had been acquainted with. He is no stranger, said she, to your husband's amour with her, as it has often been a topic of discourse between my lord and me; and I can hardly think he would be so indelicate as to carry on a love-affair with such an abandoned creature; especially as I have  
often

often heard him express the utmost detestation of her, on account of her robbing you of your husband's affection; which I had observed for a good while. But there is no knowing mankind, added she: if that should be the case, you may depend upon it that vile Gerrarde has laid her plan deeper than we are aware of, and would out-swear us all, that Faulkland came to her house for no other purpose, than to have an opportunity of seeing you; who to be sure, she said, had given him a private hint to meet you there. Now the worst of it is, it is impossible to have this matter cleared up to your husband, without Mr. Faulkland's concurrence, and that you will not consent to. By no means, I replied, I would not for the world have Mr. Faulkland interfere in my justification. If the affair should really be as you have suggested, a little time may, perhaps, discover this wicked woman to Mr. Arnold, and it will not then be so difficult to clear my innocence. At present, her influence  
over



over him is too powerful for me to combat with; and I know he wishes for nothing more than to free himself from the restraint that my presence lays him under.

Lady V--- acquiesced in my opinion, and said, she hoped a little time would chase away the dark cloud that now hung over me. She staid with me the whole day; it was a day of tears: the dear woman was quite subdued at parting with me. I shall see you no more, dear lady V—, said I; I shall go to London in two days——Preserve your fortitude, dearest Mrs. Arnold, she replied; the time will come when your husband will repent of the bitter distress he has occasioned to you: my lord and I will use our utmost endeavours to convince him of his error. —We shall meet in London, my dear; I shall go thither early in the winter on purpose—Have courage—Your innocence *must* be cleared. I answered her not, my heart was too full. We embraced, and lady V— parted from me in silence.

I have

I have written to my mother, and directed my letter to St. James's-street. I would have her prepared for the shock before she sees me; a shock, which I fear she will not be able to sustain.

*September 16.*—Mrs. Gerrarde has never called or sent to me since I was at her house. She has effected her purpose, and is contented without a triumph.

I am prepared for my departure. Tomorrow I turn my back upon my husband's house, and upon my children. I have been weeping over them this hour as they lie asleep in their nurse's arms. But I will look at them no more.—Poor Patty is almost dead with grief; she would fain go with me, but I have persuaded her to stay: I can rely on her fidelity and her tenderness towards my children; she says, she will be as precious of them as the apple of her eye, and will give me an account of their welfare from time to time. Sure Mr. Arnold will not turn *her* out too; she is an excellent manager,

ger, and he cannot do without a house-keeper.

I have been debating with myself whether I should write to Mr. Arnold or not, and have at length determined to depart in silence. It is an easy matter for the guilty to make as bold asseverations as the innocent, and nothing which I could now assert would make an impression on him. Had I only his suspicions to combat, there might be hopes: but his *heart* is alienated from me; and while it continues attached to another, I despair of his listening to the voice of reason or of justice. If ever his eyes are opened, his error will prove sufficient punishment to him—Perhaps my mother or my brother may put me in a way—My conduct, in time, I hope, may justify me—Meanwhile I will not condescend to the weak justification of words.

*September 18.*—I have bid adieu to South-park, and arrived this morning in London in a hired carriage; for I  
would

would not take one of Mr. Arnold's. I found my mother at the house in St. James's-street, where I now am: she got here last night, and my letter had thrown her into agonies, from which she had not yet recovered. What have you wrote to me? said she, as she held me in her arms; your dreadful letter has almost killed me.—Sure, sure, my dear child, it cannot be true that you have left your husband! What is the cause? What have *you* done? or, What has *he* done? I begged my mother to compose herself a little, and then related to her every circumstance, in the same manner you have had them, as they occurred. Her lamentations pierced my heart; she wrung her hands in bitterness of anguish; Why did not the grave hide me, said she, before I saw shame and sorrow heaped upon my child! I came to die in peace with you—You might have lengthened my days for a while—But you cut them off—My eyes will close in affliction—A wounded spirit who can bear! Had you died in your cradle, we had  
both

both been happy. My child would now have been a cherub! an angel you have been in my eyes, and I am punished for it; but that was *my* crime, not your's. But you are a martyr to the crimes of others.

My mother wept not all this time; I wished she had; her passionate looks and tones affected me more than tears could. My eyes began to run over, her's soon accompanied me, and it a little relieved the vehemence of her grief.

She then began to reproach herself for having listened to lady Grimston's suggestions in favour of Mr. Arnold, and for her own soliciting this fatal marriage. But I stopped her on a subject which I knew would so much torment her thoughts. I conjured her not to reflect on it in that manner; I told her I knew she had acted for the best, and that nothing but an extraordinary fatality, which could neither be foreseen nor avoided, had made me unhappy. I said I was sure Mr. Arnold had been seduced by the  
wiles



wiles of a wicked woman, for that he was by nature a good man, and that he had more of my pity than of my resentment.

I found it necessary to reconcile my mother to herself on this head; she seemed willing to lay hold on the hint, and turned all her indignation against Mrs. Gerrarde. A *practised* sinner, she called her, for whom nothing could be said in extenuation of her crime.

We now turned our thoughts towards fixing on some other abode. You may be sure Mr. Arnold's house is no place for us; and my mother declared, she would not stay another night in it: accordingly we have dispatched her maid to take us lodgings immediately.

*September 21.*—We have quickly shifted the scene, my dear Cecilia, and are settled, at least for the present, in very handsome lodgings in St. Alban's-street. We came to them last night, and my mother seems a little less disturbed than she was. I pray God spare her life, but I fear I shall

shall not long enjoy that blessing. She is sadly altered since I last saw her; a dropical complaint is stealing on her fast, her legs are swelled, and she has intirely lost her appetite; yet if her mind were a little more at ease, I should hope, that by the assistance she can have here, she might be enabled to hold out against this disorder for a good while. I endeavour to suppress my own grief, that I may not increase her's.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.

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